

Abate

by Hunter Predator

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Summary: [Big crossover] In a climatic war for survival, a Spartan and a group of Evas must protect Earth from those called Abaters. Massive crossover with Halo, Star Wars, Neon Genesis Evangelion, Hellboy, randomly selected, and original characters.

1. Prologue

****Abate****

****Chapter 1****

Year: 2015

Place: Fair Oaks, Kansas

Town Preschool

It was sunny out, preschool was getting out at noon, and children flooded out of the preschool, shouting, cheering, and playing with one another. A boy walked calmly out, passing the laughing and playing children. His skin pale, his hair a bright blond, and his eyes a dark blue, his name was Sven McGregor, and by age 5, still had some baby fat on him. Compared to others in his grade, Sven was surprisingly calm for his age, and didn't like the roughhousing the others did to one another; he was an outcast to some.

"So these are the children?" A young woman asked an older man, the two seemingly partners for some company or something similar, both standing under the shade of a nearby tree. The woman, Victoria Myer, stood tall, skinny, with short dark hair, and active green eyes, which darted from child to child.

"Yes they are Ms. Myer; we do hope you find one you are looking for." The man, wearing a suit, with jet black hair and sunglasses that covered his eyes, giving him a mysterious look. Victoria crossed her arms and brought a hand up to stroke her chin, pondering, thinking,

about which child she wanted. Yes, these children all had families, but thanks to an unknown source of duplicate cloning, they could switch without the parents knowing. Glancing from an athletic boy that showed off to others, to a jokester that was playing pranks on others, then to a group of girls acting older than they were and gossiping about nothing, and then a single boy, walking away.

"Hmmâ€|who's that?" She asked, pointing toward the boy. The man looked at him, pulled out a notepad, flying through its pages until he came to a stop at Sven's picture.

"Sven-Tyler McGregor ma'am, son of Harry and Rebecca Mâ€|"

"I don't care about that stuff, what is he like?" Victoria asked.

"Says he's quiet, calm, and doesn't have many friends." The man concluded.

"Hmmâ€|no one would be missing him much would they? The real one I mean." Veronica said, soft enough so passing parents couldn't hear her.

"I-I guess so. But are you sure you want to go through with this? The Committee won'tâ€|"

"The Committee will thank me for what I'm about to do." Victoria said and walked swiftly after Sven. "Excuse me, Sven?" She said. Little Sven turned around, and stared at the stranger.

"Yes?" He asked politely. Victoria stopped, squatted to his level, so they stared eye-to-eye, and smiled kindly, immediately gaining the child's adoration.

"How would you like to come with me somewhere?" She asked sweetly.

"Umâ€|my teacher told me not to talk to strangers." Sven said, knowing even though she knew him, he didn't know her. Victoria's smile faded, then she brightened up again, this time in a wider smile.

"Please excuse me, my name is Victoria Myer, I know your parents and am quiet good friends with them. They asked me to pick you up." Sven nodded, believing in her words.

"Okay." He said softly. Victoria stood back up, and turned to the way she came. In a motherly manner, she grabbed Sven's small hand in hers and walked him to her car, where the man was waiting, ready to drive.

Sitting in the back seat together, Victoria and Sven sat quietly, while the man drove, also in silence. The car passed McGregor Life Insurance, where Sven's father managed the store, and Sven asked.

"Where are we going?" Victoria looked at the man, hoping he could have the explanation, but once again, was let down, so she looked down on the child, smiling, and said.

"We're taking you to a special place, where your parents wanted us to take you. You'll see them don't worry." She said. Sven nodded, and looked back out of the window. A window slid up between the front and back seats, severing contact from the man to Victoria. The man flipped open a cell phone, and pushed auto-dial. A voice came up.

"Hello?"

"Pete, it's me, deploy the flash clone of the boy named Sven McGregor."

"Yes sir."

* * *

>After half an hour or so, the car drove out of town and into the country. It came up into the driveway of a small farm.<p><p>

"Alright, let's go." Victoria said sweetly, opening her door, Sven doing the same. The young boy followed the woman up the gravel road, looking over his shoulder to see the man turn and drive away. He continued to follow Victoria up to the house, and when they walked in, the house was empty and deserted. "Come along Sven." Victoria said and led him to a door, opened it, and made her descent into the basement, Sven following. He managed to glimpse the dirty, rotting wood walls and floor of the home; he was actually surprised that someone would be here. At first, the basement was dark, nothing but brick walls and cobwebs in the room, until Victoria opened yet another door, this one opened into a vast white room, a laboratory, scientists conducting research on several things Sven couldn't even comprehend.

Victoria took Sven's hand again and led him down the white lab to a man in a white lab coat beside some sort of tube, one that could fit a person in it. He also held an oxygen mask in one hand, connected to the wall, where probably a oxygen container was held.

"Why you must be little Sven." The man said, his hair graying and balding. "My name is Dr. Herman Winchester." He extended a gloved hand and shook Sven's tiny hand. The man pushed up his glasses and motioned for the tube. "Could you please lay down in here?" He asked. Since Sven had the same kind of respect for this man as he did for Victoria, he did as he was told and laid down in the tube, he could feel the cold metal through his shirt.

"So my mommy and daddy said for me to be here?" He asked. Victoria nodded weakly, only she wasn't smiling, not at all.

"Now, would you mind to put this over your mouth and count back from ten?" Dr. Winchester asked next, handing Sven the oxygen mask. Sven again did as he was told and put it over his mouth, closing his eyes and counting back from ten. He hardly got to four before he was out cold, feeling a buzz over him and a glass case sliding over him.

**Well, this is just the beginning of one long story, at least compared to my others. I hope many of you will like this series,

since it will seem like Halo at first, but soon enough a few more familiar faces should come up, namely Neon Genesis Evangelion, with a character from Star Wars (Go ahead, guess, haha) and Hellboy.

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2. The New Life

Chapter 2

13 years later

Labs

Sven's eyes slowly opened, he found that he was still wearing the oxygen mask, but he was in some sort of liquid, in the same tube. The liquid was as thin as water, but it was purple.

"Wh-where am I?" He thought to himself. He last remembered the dark-haired woman, taking her to a farm house, into a laboratoryâ€|

His eyes burst open, he _was_ in the laboratory, it wasn't a dream, as Sven had hoped, they had stuck him in this tube. Now all he needed to know was for how long. He saw people look at him and suddenly scramble at a series of controls and monitors, which weren't there before he was put to sleep. The tube opened with a hiss, and the purple liquid spilled out from it, splashing onto the floor. Pulling his mask off, Sven gasped his first real breath of air for what seemed like an eternity. He tried to climb out, but slipped and fell onto the white tile. Scientists scurried over to help him, all of them wearing white lab coats, like Dr. Winchester.

"Welcome back Sven." A woman's voice said. Sven turned around and saw Victoria, only, she seemed older, in her thirties, and he towered over her now. Sven's eyes darted all around.

"How long was Iâ€|?" Sven asked.

"Thirteen years Mr. McGregor." Dr. Winchester's voice said. They turned to see him, now much older, his hair white and his glasses thicker; he still kept his gentle charm though. "Welcome back." He said, smiling. Sven's hands trembled.

"Butâ€|Iâ€|I couldn't have beenâ€|" Sven started, when he looked down. "Ah! I'm naked!" He covered his privates and felt his face get red.

"Mrs. Myer, could you go get our old friend some clothes?" The elderly man asked the woman.

"Certainly." Victoria said and walked off.

"Thirteen yearsâ€|it must seem so horrible to youâ€|" Dr. Winchester said, sadly.

"Then why did you do it?" Sven asked, keeping his polite tone and expression.

"Because we had to, go get dressed, I'll tell you then." He said

mysteriously and walked off, back to his business.

* * *

>They had him take a shower, the warmth of the water beating against him felt good, and he felt his hair, it was very short now, he wasn't sure how, but he was thankful it wasn't a buzz cut. After that was done, he dried up, and was given his clothes, a t-shirt, jeans, and a zip-up sweater, which kind of acted as a neck warmer. As he was ready in his cabin, he couldn't help but notice a mirror, and took a look at it, seeing him for his eighteen year-old self. His eyes were still blue, but much lighter; they seemed icy even when he looked into them. His golden hair had vanished to become a dirty blonde or almost brown, and he was well built now.<p><p>

"Sven, are you ready?" He heard Victoria ask through the metal door. Sven opened the door and nodded.

"Yes I am." He said. Victoria smiled; her charm didn't cease to fail either.

"Very well then, come along. We have much to tell you." She and Sven walked side-by-side down the long hallway, giving them a chance to talk.

"So, what has happened since Iâ€|left?" Sven asked, looking down on Victoria.

"Well, I got married," He hesitated for a moment. "Had a child, and that was about it." She said and forced a weak chuckle. "Andâ€|I'm sure you are wondering why we did this to you." She said, much softer this time.

"Yes." Sven replied.

"We're terribly sorry, but we had no choice. We needed a child like you, solitary, to defend Earth. You seeâ€|Earth was under attack in 2015, by invaders, who we named the Abaters, reptilian beasts who sought to rule the universe." She took a deep breath as she readied to tell Sven the story. "We kept it secret for awhile, but they soon became known. They used several of their mysterious and dangerous monsters on us, we stood no chance. Until another group of aliens, together known as the Covenant, came to Earth and aided our army men in battles. Some of the Covenant went to the Abaters, but three of the species did remain with us, Elites, Grunts, and Hunters."

"Soâ€|where does this put me?" Sven asked.

"We needed you to man the MJOLNIR armor the Committee made, and while you were in suspended animation, the liquid you were put into modified your reflexes and strength, so you are able to use the armor, where no ordinary man could, and thanks to our computers, we were able to put as much knowledge as we could into your head through pulse waves." Sven couldn't believe it, he was kidnapped and taken to be some military super soldier, yet everything she said, he hardly believed any of it. "You are one of the few soldiers to protect Earth, known as Spartans." So much had happened since he left, and he missed his parents, whose faces now just blurs in his mind.

He took a moment to take the whole thing in, just as he and Victoria walked through a pair of doors, finding Dr. Winchester with his back turned to them, staring out into some sort of test facility. Standing beside him was a creature who towered over him, standing at 8'6 feet tall, this creature was a giant. Next to it stood an ordinary person, about Sven's age, and he wouldn't be surprised if they did to the boy what they did to him. Winchester turned to face them, a humble smile on his face, the creature and the boy turned as well.

"Good to see you up and ready Sven. I'm sure Victoria has informed you on the war we are at." He said. Sven nodded. The creature nodded and stepped forward. He wore shimmering white armor and reminded Sven of a lizard, until he spoke and his mouth opened into a set of mandibles, each appendage having small sharp teeth, then an inner mouth, with also had teeth.

"Greetings, Sven," He said. "I am Tura 'Takimee." He turned his head to Winchester, thanks to his long, strong neck. "An Elite as your kind calls us." He looked back at Sven. "I shall be your superior officer here." Sven nodded and gave a friendly smile.

"Pleasure to meet youâ€¦'Takimee." He said. 'Takimee nodded back and stepped back. The boy Sven's age stood silent, while Winchester introduced them.

"Sven, this is Shinji Ikari. He's about your age, and was also chosen for this 'assignment'." The doctor said. Shinji extended his hand and Sven did the same. Their hands shook and they released their hands. "We didn't do the 'extremes' as we did to you Mr. McGregor, we had Shinji taught by the best minds in the world, he is just as smart as you are, only he had to work for his knowledge, by studying and practice. Unlike you, a Spartan, Shinji is an Evangelion Unit, or Eva."

Sven got a look at Shinji; the boy was a bit shorter than he was; dark brown hair, dark brown eyes, and pale skin.

"Now, Sven, we need to put you into your new suit." Winchester said.

****Yep, Shinji's from Evangelion, and the only child's name of the future team I didn't change. Since his name is Japanese, he's from Japan, and I'm not very good at coming up with Japanese names, haha. More to come soon, please read and review!****

3. The Master Chief

****Chapter 3****

Laboratory Test Facility

"Please put this on." Victoria said as she handed Sven some sort of black, flexible material. It reminded him of what under armor was, sleek and soft. After the material covered his body, from his upper neck to his toes, another scientist entered the pure white room, pushing a cart with green armor and a helmet on it. Two more scientists entered the room next, grabbing some of the green armor and approaching Sven.

"Stand still please and hold your arms out." One said. Sven did as he was told and his arms shot out to both sides of his body. Starting with his chest armor, the scientists slowly worked their way outward, going back to get more armor and strapping it onto him. The emerald armor glistened in the bright room as the scientists strapped it onto his arms, legs, chest, feet, hands, stomach, and groin. Victoria grabbed the green helmet and approached Sven, handing him the helmet.

"Now, put it on." She said. Sven nodded, but he looked at it first. Where his eyes were was replaced by a yellow visor, the rest of the helmet expressionless. He wondered if this was to be his face for the rest of his life before he put it on and made it snug. Victoria smiled as she pulled out a remote from her lab coat with a knob on it. She twisted the knob right. Sven looked at his hands and saw a yellow surface covering him. It slowly appeared and disappeared.

"What is this?" He asked, looking up. Victoria continued to turn the knob, until it was at medium power. She looked up at Sven.

"It is a force field, one that the Elites taught us to use." She said.

"Force field? For whaâ€¦" Before Sven could finish, Victoria pulled a pistol out from her lab coat and fired it. A bullet flew and struck Sven, but it did nothing, his yellow force field simply stopped it and it fell to the ground.

"The MJOLNIR armor is supposed to deflect bullets or any other attacks with a limited amount of strength." She went on. "Once it goes to zero, the attacks will begin to hurt you, but don't worry, after a few seconds the shields will charge back up, so make sure to find cover in battle." She turned and walked toward the exit. "Please follow me." She said.

* * *

>"The test seemed to go normal." Winchester said to himself. "The shields were a success." He smiled. 'Takimee stood beside him as the man read the computer monitor. <p>"Of course they were successful." He chuckled. "I could've sworn I tested them at least three times." The doors behind them opened, a familiar figure entered. Wearing a black suit, having jet black hair, and sunglasses, the man's real name who aided in Sven's recruitment was Frederick MacDonald. He pulled off his sunglasses and folded them into his chest pocket.<p>

"Good evening Dr. Winchester, 'Takimee." He said, a slight smirk on his face. The Elite and doctor turned, Winchester bearing the usual humble smile, 'Takimee nodded in respect. Fred approached the two, overlooking the room where Sven and Victoria just left. "How is he?" He asked. Ever since he helped to kidnap Sven, he felt the duty to watch his every movements and actions when he was in suspended animation.

"He has the MJOLNIR armor set perfectly on, shields at medium power, and heightened intelligence and reflexes." 'Takimee reported, clasping his clawed fingers behind his back. Fred nodded.

"And of Shinji? How is he?" He asked.

"The Eva armor he has bonded into is doing well, and he has passed many of the tests needed to go into battle." Winchester said.

"And when they are ready to fight Abaters, I shall aid them."
'Takimee added. Fred nodded.

"Andâ€|have you told him?" He asked.

"He just awoke about an hour ago. We will tell him." Winchester said.
'Takimee looked at him.

"Of what?" The Elite asked.

* * *

>"Before you fight the Abaters Sven, we need to introduce you to your weapons." Victoria said as she led the emerald-armored young man to the shooting range. "Now thanks to some pulse waves we sent to your brain, you should be familiar on how to work and use each one of these weapons." She said. The dark-haired woman led him to a series of weapons, all of them unique and different. Victoria waited as Sven looked at each one, remembering each one just by mere sight. <p>The most basic, and sometimes most helpful, was the plain Assault Rifle, a short to medium range weapon that most men in the army used. Next came the shotgun, a short ranged weapon that could pack one helluva punch. The sniper rifle, which Sven seemed to prefer the most, with long range shooting and scope. Rocket launcher, a bulky, heavy, and difficult to manage weapon, but still, most men wished to use one in battle, even if it required a long time to reload after only two rockets, one from each barrel. There were also weapons called SMG's, which could be used as a single weapon, and then folded down so the user could use two at once. And there was the regular pistol, which was aided with a small scope, and could pack a punch in battle, even for a small gun.<p>

"Unfortunately, we can't let you test them here, for if our position from the Abaters is revealed, humanity might as well be extinct."
Victoria said. Sven looked at her and nodded.

* * *

>A phone rang and a scientist answered it in the main lab. The laboratories were much more plentiful with researchers compared to when Sven first entered the lab, all working away at experiments, armor testing, weapons testing, some were making a chart of species found in the Abater army, including the artificial creatures deployed by the enemy, often known as Abaters as well, but scientists soon began naming each different 'type' of monster, from a skeletal Gravedigger, to the quick and deadly Diamondhead. <p>"Hello? Yes he is. Yes they are. What? Yes, I'll be sure to tell him." He said and rushed to Dr. Winchester's office.<p>

* * *

>Victoria led Sven to Winchester's office, where Fred, 'Takimee, and Winchester himself waited. The doctor looked up, smiling. <p>"Good day Sven." He said. 'Takimee crossed his arms.<p>

"Your rank has come in today Sven." The Elite said. "It appears that you shall have the rank of Master Chief Petty Officer." He saluted. "Master Chief." Sven, a little confused, nodded anyway. There also stood another cyborg-man, who was probably like Sven, cocooned in a shell of armor. He was scrawny, in purple armor, a horn projecting from his forehead, and his eyes were behind some sort of screen, appearing as black blanks..

"Master Chief, this is your partner, Eva-01, Shinji as you know him." Winchester said. Shinji nodded.

"Hello again." He said, the first time Sven heard him speak. Sven nodded and said his greetings as well.

"Umâ€|Dr. Winchester, I've been wonderingâ€|" He began.

"Yes?" The elderly scientist questioned, just before he glanced down on some papers on his desk. The Master Chief sighed, then looked up again.

"What happened to my parents? Did they get along without me? Orâ€|" He was interrupted when a scientist burst into the office.

"Dr. Winchester, London-02, it's under attack by an Abater!" He exclaimed. Shinji looked up.

"Are the Master Chief and I to deploy?" He asked. Dr. Winchester nodded.

"I shall aid you." 'Takimee said, unfolding his arms.

"Andâ€|boys, there's someone 'special' you need to protect." Dr. Winchester added.

"Yes?" The Master Chief asked.

"It's the princess of England, Susan. Go to the Royal Family, protect them at any cost, and bring Susan back here, she would be safe here."

"And of the Royal Family?" Eva-01 asked. Winchester shook his head.

"We asked the king and queen if they wanted to come, but they refused. They said only their daughter should be able to see another day."

Thanks for reading, I don't think I said this earlier, but I know this story doesn't seem like it has much plot, and doesn't make a lot of sense, (Like the Abater thing) But bear with me here, the plot will get thicker, there will be more conflict, and it will make a lot more sense. I hope those of you reading look forward to upcoming chapters, and drop a comment on how you think it is. Thanks.

4. Abater Encounter

Chapter 4

US Black Hawk Helicopter

Sven sat silently and looked out of the window of the Black Hawk, an assault rifle in his hands, and dual SMG's strapped to his belt in case. Eva-01 was wielding a shotgun and two pistols on his belt while he sat silently as well. 'Takimee was handling two of his own weapons, a plasma rifle and a needler. Covenant weapons were far more advanced the Chief thought, plasma rifles and plasma pistols, both fired bolts of plasma, however in different colors, one was blue while the other green. Now the needler was an odd weapon, similar to a plasma rifle in shape, but instead of a dark blue color, it was a greenish-blue with pink needles sticking out of the top of it, hence needler, which it used as ammo.

London-02 was the remaining part of London that the Abaters didn't destroy during their first attacks, but was protected heavily, thanks to force fields the Elites again helped to set up. Sven learned that only the most important and largest cities were saved through this force field. This included cities like London, New York City, Tokyo, Moscow, and several other, large cities scattered throughout the world. But he also knew that half of the humans were dead because of the alien invaders, he only hoped his family was alive.

"Sir, are we going to die? This is the first time we've been in battle andâ€¦" Shinji began. 'Takimee flared his mandibles, accompanied by a growl.

"Not under my command you will." He snapped. Sven was too deep in his thoughts to hear them, he was thinking of his robbed childhood, the day he foolishly went with Victoria, who he had never met before but was so easily tricked into becoming someâ€¦super weapon. Why couldn't they had taken someone already in the army and make him into a military killing machine?

"Master Chief, are you ready?" Eva-01 asked. Sven snapped out of his trance, and nodded. Shinji nodded too, followed by a clack from 'Takimee's mandibles.

"Alright, we're above the Royal Castle, secure the princess in the Black Hawk, and fight the Abater coming in." The pilot ordered over the COM channel. Sven learned that their gear aloud for them to communicate over large distances, so he, 'Takimee, and Shinji were in a bond that couldn't be broken. The side of the helicopter opened and they jumped out, landing in a beautiful meadow of fresh cut grass, despite it being Febuary, beside the Royal Family's castle.

"Area clear, bring the princess out." 'Takimee said into his COM channel to someone in the castle.

"Roger, sending her out." The man said. Seconds later, the king and queen of England emerged, along with their daughter, oddly enough, guards were not present. Sobbing while giving each other their last hugs, Susan hugged her parents for as long as possible until she picked her suitcase up and ran for the chopper, wiping tears off her pale cheeks with a pink glove.

"Master Chief, secure her into the chopper." 'Takimee ordered.

"Yes sir." Sven said. Susan stopped before the Elite, waiting to be escorted into the copter until Sven ran up beside his leader. "This way Princess." He said politely, over the helicopter's loud roar.

Susan nodded and followed the Master Chief to the Black Hawk. Grabbing her small, soft hand, Sven helped the princess up into the chopper and jumped in to snap her seat belt snugly.

"Thank you." She said softly. Sven nodded, before grabbing his assault rifle resting beside him. It was now he got a good look at her features. She was about his age, with long, golden hair that fell past her shoulders, pale skin, and deep blue eyes that one could lose themselves in. She wore a fancy blue dress, with light blue gloves going up to her elbows.

"Your welcome." He said and jumped back out of the chopper, returning to his comrades. The door closed, and the helicopter took off, leaving the three to fight.

"Hmâ€|where do we start?" 'Takimee asked. "Quick, protect the king and queen." He ordered. Eva-01 and the Master Chief nodded and ran up to the remaining Royal family.

"So you are the ones America is making such a big deal about?" The King asked, trying to hide the sadness of his daughter leaving. Sven and Shinji nodded, without uttering a sound. "Hmâ€|must be some high-class military soldiers or something." He muttered.

"We are here to protect you." Sven said.

"Please dears, you don't need to. Our daughter is safe, that's all that matters." The Queen said, tears still dripping from her chin. As Eva-01 negotiated with the King and Queen to protect them, Sven looked back to 'Takimee, who was contacting headquarters.

"Yes, Dr. Winchester, the princess, she was safely and securely evacuated. No sign of the Abater yet though." He said.

"Very well." The doctor said. _"Once you destroy the Abater, we will send another Black Hawk to your position."_

"Yes sir." The Elite said and signed off. He turned, and dashed up to the others. "Where was the last Abater attack your majesties?" He asked. The King and Queen looked at each other, then back to 'Takimee, not knowing where, since no one had told them where. Sven scanned the area, making sure everything was A-okay, when he saw something leap from an unknown area into a window of the castle, followed by screams from maids and servants.

"Sir!" He said and pointed his assault rifle at the window. "Something leaped into the window there."

"Good work, let's go. Eva-01, stay here with the King and Queen." 'Takimee ordered.

"Yes sir." Eva-01 said.

"Master Chief, let's roll." 'Takimee said as he and Sven dashed into the castle.

* * *

><p>Inner Castle

Second Floor

"Oh by the godsâ€¦!" 'Takimee murmured as he and the Master Chief entered the blood-soaked hallway. Dead bodies of maids and servants lay everywhere, as well as severed arms and fingers, but all suffered from serious slashes, and there seemed to be some sort of blast caused by a plasma weapon of some sort.

"What where are the Abaters sir?" Sven asked, nudging a dead body with his green boot.

"Abater actually." 'Takimee replied, walking slowly in the hall. "I've seen one of these before, called a Slicer n' Dicer."

"Why two names sir?" Sven asked, looking at the Elite.

"Because these Abaters are like bacteria, able to split in two if need be. It's how they reproduce, it's how they gain the advantage on their opponents." 'Takimee replied. The Master Chief nodded, and as his leader scanned the area, he witnessed as the Slicer n' Dicer slowly crept from a bedroom, possibly searching for the Royal Family. It didn't have a head; instead, a mask was set over its chest, which seemed to be its head, with blank eyes and a blank mouth. It's sharp claws soaked with blood, it was a very droopy creature and Sven wondered how it could've killed so many so quickly.

"Sir!" He exclaimed and raised his weapon. 'Takimee turned, flared his mandibles, roared, and opened fire with a flurry of blue-white plasma and thin pink needles. Amazingly, the Slicer ducked and missed the attack. Sven opened fire with his assault rifle next. Yet the creature seemed to bend its body, as if it were nothing but flubber, and dodged all of their attacks.

"Tricky bastard." 'Takimee muttered as he continued his assault, as well as Sven. The lights and flashes from his assault rifle reflected off of Sven's visor. With a swift swing, the Abater shot its left clawed hand out, extending it thanks to its gelatin-like body, and striking 'Takimee's chest, crunching into his white armor and sending him stumbling sideways, the arm shot out again and slashed the Elite's arm, causing even more purple blood to splash onto the floor. With that, the weakened 'Takimee fell limp onto the ground, breathing heavily.

"'Takimee!" Sven shouted and turned to the Elite. However, he looked up to see the Slicer n' Dicer try an attack on him. As the clawed arm shot out, the Master Chief jumped to the side, and with his assault rifle, shot its arm clean off. Black ooze falling to the floor, Sven turned back to the Abater, just in time to see its arm grow back, as if nothing happened, and he jumped when the severed arm began to grow a new Slicer n' Dicer, so there were _two_ now. "Ohâ€¦|crap." He muttered.

He activated the COM channel.

"Eva-01."

"Yes?" Shinji asked.

"We got a problem here, I shot this thing's arm off and it regenerated a new arm _and_ a new Abater, and 'Takimee is injured."

He said this all while backing away from the slinking Slicer 'n Dicers.

"Right, be right there." Eva-01 said and signed off. While waiting for Shinji to show, Sven kept the creatures at bay with a barrage of bullets from his assault rifle. He stopped to reload a new clip when he noticed, he was out of ammo. He tossed the rifle away and pulled out his dual SMG's, opening fire with them, but again the Abaters twisted and turned their way out of getting hit.

While the Master Chief was busy with the closest, he was unaware of the other Slicer 'n Dicer aiming its mouth at him, some sort of energy ball formed in the middle of its gapping mouth. Just before it fired, a purple-armored fist shot out and struck it, sending it down and making it miss its opponent. The blast of energy flew past Sven and shot a massive hole through the wall.

The Abater attacking the Master Chief turned to look at who did that to his creator, giving Sven the opportune chance to fire. Digging the ends of his weapons into the back of the Slicer 'n Dicer, the Master Chief fired and watched as the bullets shredded the Abater, chunks of jelly-like flesh and black blood flying everywhere. He smiled under his mask, only to frown again when the chunks of jelly began to grow into new Slicer 'n Divers.

"Oh noâ€¦|" He muttered as he backed away. Sven hesitated, and reached to connect the COM channel. "Uhâ€¦|hello?" He asked blankly.

"Yes? Master Chief? What is your status?" He heard Dr. Winchester ask.

"We're dealing with Slicer 'n Dicers, 'Takimee's injured, and we're outnumbered. Permission to abort?"

"Permission denied." Another man's voice said over the channel. It was Fred, but neither the Chief nor Eva-01 knew that. _"You and Eva-01 better find one helluva puncher to keep those things back. And who's watching the king and queen?"_

"No one sir, 'Takimee is injured, and Iâ€¦|"

"Eva-01." The man said casually over the COM link.

"Yes sir?" Shinji asked, just as surprised as Sven by the new man's voice.

"Return to your position and protect the Royal king and queen. Sven can handle the Slicers." The Master Chief and Eva-01 exchanged a stare, both knowing the other was nervous and scared, when Shinji returned.

"Yes sir." He said, shooting a Slicer 'n Dicer in front of him before retreating back downstairs. It was now the Master Chief wondered how the man knew his name and why he seemed so believing in them. He ran to 'Takimee once he saw him twitch.

"'Takimee, I'm going to get you out of here." He said, trying to pull up the heavy Elite, but was pushed away.

"No, I can do it, you must fight. Fred wants you to." He said

weakly.

_ "Who?"_ Sven thought, but realized that he mustn't keep wasting time.

"Remember, you have grenades!" 'Takimee said weakly, raising himself up by pushing his hand on his knee. The Master Chief nodded, turned to the biggest pack of Slicer 'n Dicers, reached into one of his pouches on his belt, and tossed a grenade. He and the Elite ducked when it exploded and lumbering masses of blob flew everywhere. Pieces and chunks of smoldering blobs lay everywhere, however, they didn't regenerate.

"Wait! they aren't growing back!" Sven said, looking up at the massive cluster of Slicer 'n Dicers, all staring blankly at him, as if their death lay seconds away. Again Sven threw a grenade into the middle of the pack, and before any of the Abaters could escape, fire engulfed all of them, and the explosion sent their smoldering chunks of gelatin-like flesh lay all over, the walls, floors, everywhere.

"Heh! I was about to use one! but!" 'Takimee started, before his eyes closed and he nearly fell, except Sven dropped one of his weapons and caught his leader. Dropping the other SMG, Sven activated the COM channel again.

"Sir, enemy neutralized! permission to exit?"

_ "Permission granted."_ The Fred said.

If you haven't realized by now, the Slicer 'n Dicer was inspired by one of the Angels in Neon Genesis Evangelion, as are many of the Abater monsters, not the Abaters themselves (They're actually an original species of mine) For those of you reading this I hope you enjoy it and look forward to the many chapters and stories to come. Thanks, see ya for now.

5. Friendship

Chapter 5

Unknown Labs and Facility

'Takimee was bandaged up and rested for awhile, but awoke to go to Sven and Shinji's congratulatory meeting with the others. He was escorted by a short alien creature, known as a Grunt, to the room. The Grunt wore orange armor, a large tank on his back that contained methane, which he and his kind breathed and were required to wear the gas masks on Earth, otherwise they would die. Though they were often cowards alone on the battlefield, Grunts still had numbers, which they used against the Abaters. Plus they were very gentle and kind creatures outside of the battle, and very loved by people they met.

"Here you are sir." The Grunt, named Hular, said. 'Takimee nodded his respects and proceeded into the room. Victoria, Dr. Winchester and others were present in there. Sven still wore his armor, for he seemed naked without wearing it now, where Shinji was out of his Eva armor. Princess Susan was still there, as she was safer with them

than she was than with her parents, who were still in London-02, heavily guarded however. Fred stood with his arms crossed and his sunglasses on, smiling for Sven and Shinji, not many of even the best in the US military could fight off a Slicer 'n Dicer, let alone multiple ones. The Elite continued to look about, most of those present he didn't even know, or ever saw for that matter. Hular waddled up beside 'Takimee, eyes wide at the Spartan and Eva.

"Who are they?" He asked in his high-pitched, squeaky voice. 'Takimee looked down on the Grunt.

"Aren't you supposed to be on duty?" He asked, not to sound rude or anything. Hular looked up at the spec ops commander.

"Nope." He said joyfully. "Kekily took my spot today." The blue-skinned little guy looked back to the two soldiers. "Who are they again?" He repeated. 'Takimee held his head up slightly higher.

"They are our best bet for all of us, the Master Chief and Eva Unit 01." He said.

"Are there others?" Hular asked.

"Yes, actually." Victoria interrupted as she walked over beside 'Takimee. "Almost fifty young men and women have been assigned their rank and armor in the past 24 hours, and they're still awakening." 'Takimee hummed with interest.

"Really? Just how _many_ were 'assigned'?" He asked.

"Well, I can't tell you the _exact_ number, but I'd say about hundred." The dark-haired scientist replied. The Elite, human, and Grunt looked forward after Dr. Winchester had finished his speech to the two young men, which apparently no one else had really paid much attention to either, however they still clapped at the end of it.

Dr. Winchester walked over to the Spartan and Eva, shaking the hands of both of them, and congratulating them on a job well done.

"You know Sven; you can take your armor off now." He said to the towering Master Chief. Sven, who felt like himself in his armor, and shy and timid outside of it, hesitated, and slowly shook his head.

"I'm quite content with my current state sir." He said. Winchester shrugged.

"Very well then." He turned and let the others get ready to go back to work or talk to the two when he felt Sven's hand grip his shoulder, as gently as the Spartan's armor could allow.

"Umâ€¦I-I've been wonderingâ€¦sirâ€¦" He began. Winchester turned, with a humble smile on his face.

"Anything Sven." He replied.

"Canâ€¦I see my parents?" He asked. Dr. Winchester's smile faded, as well as everyone else's happiness.

"Oh boy..." 'Takimee muttered as he crossed his arms and looked down at his hooved feet.

"Well, Sven." Winchester started, swallowing the lump in his throat and pushing his glasses up. "That's quite impossible." He said.

"Are they in one of the safety camps? I'll go there if I need to. I just want to see them again." He said. Winchester looked down, wetting his lips nervously, before getting eye contact again. Shinji looked around the room; people were slowly slipping out of the room, to avoid the upcoming moment, both Fred and 'Takimee were looking down, Susan stood staring at Winchester and Sven, wondering what was happening, Victoria was pretending to write something on her clipboard, and Hular stood watching, as innocently as Susan, in question.

"Yes Svenâ€|they fled to the Minneapolis safety camp in Minnesotaâ€|apparently you had some other relatives there." Sven smiled happily under his helmet. "Butâ€|an Abater raid came through; the shields failed against their attacksâ€|everyone diedâ€|" Sven's smile faded, and his arms slowly lowered to his sides.

"Ohâ€|I seeâ€|" He said and nodded weakly. "Thank you sirâ€|" Mostly everyone left the awkward, sad moment and returned to work, while people like Victoria, 'Takimee, Fred, Hular, Shinji, and Susan remained. Sven looked back up to the doctor.

"I'm very sorry Sven." Dr. Winchester said softly, patting Sven on the shoulder. Sven nodded, everyone couldn't even begin to fathom the pain he was feeling then. Dr. Winchester looked over at Shinji, seeing how tired he looked, and he couldn't imagine how they must have felt. "How about you and Shinji get some rest. You deserve it." He said, giving Sven another, much more appreciative pat on the arm before he and the others left.

* * *

>Shinji and Sven walked side-by-side down the halls to their cabins. Thankfully they lived across from each other, which got them to become better friends and comrades. Sven's head was hung, staring blankly at the floor, and Shinji didn't want to become any part of his depression, and he and Sven were never actually given a life to learn and aid each other in emotional difficulties. In an attempt to lighten up the moment, Shinji smiled, Sven was really one of the few he smiled in front of, and looked at his friend. <p>"Did you see the way the princess was looking at you? I bet you she likes you." He said. Sven turned his emotionless helmet at Shinji, smiling faintly underneath at his friend's attempt to make him happier.<p>

"How was she looking at me? I didn't see anything special." He said, a little lightened up. Shinji shrugged.

"Something about her eyes, how they just couldn't tear themselves from you. Maybe she was just staring at your armor, but you never know." He said, smiling. They stopped at their doors, nodding at each other.

"Try to get some sleep." Sven said.

"Yeah, you too. Sorry aboutâ€|you know." He said. Sven simply nodded, and opened his door, walked in, then closed it. Sighing, the hurt eighteen year-old pulled his helmet off with a hiss of escaping air, and set it down gently at his desk. His cabin was cramped and dark, only a single lamp sat on his desk lit the room. There was his bed, desk right by it, facing the wall, and a closet. Sven figured that he should take off his armor and sleep in the under armor material. It took almost ten minutes, but eventually he managed to get the armor off, realizing how much easier it was to have extra help.

Slumping onto his bed, Sven stared up at the ceiling, its chalky white paint made the room even duller than it already was. He heard footsteps coming down towards his and Shinji's cabins, and he knew one of them was getting a visit, for their rooms were at the very end of the hall. His green armor sitting in the corner of the room and his helmet staring blankly at him, Sven wanted to be sure that if they were calling on them again, he'd be ready. Instead, he heard Dr. Winchester's voice.

"He's right in there." His voice said, heard even through the thick wooden doors. He waited and listened to the doctor's footsteps slowly fading until he heard nothing, then came a knock on his door. He sat up, surprised it was for him.

"Come in." He said. The door knob twisted slowly, as if the one behind the door was hesitant on coming in. Then it opened even slower, the lovely blonde's head poked in.

"Umâ€|Hello." She said, softly. Sven swung his feet over the bed so that they were planted onto the floor; he still sat on the bed and looked up at Susan.

"Hello Princess, what brings you here?" He asked. Susan didn't walk in or even open the door more, just her head poking out of a hardly-opened door.

"I was just wondering if you were okayâ€|aboutâ€|you know." She asked calmly, but hesitant on what exactly to say; Sven wondered if it had anything to do with the intimidating MJOLNIR armor he wore. He nodded.

"I'm fine, thank you." He said politely. "Would you like to come in?" He asked, seeing leaving her just standing at the doorway seemed both rude and awkward. Susan seemed surprised, and hesitated, but slowly nodded.

"Thank you." She said, walking in fully, and closing the door. Feeling as though he should be as much of a gentleman as he could be, Sven motioned for the seat at his desk.

"Would you like a seat?" He asked. Susan slowly nodded.

"Yes please." She said. "Thank you." In a lady-like manner, she sat down and clasped her hands on her lap. Susan was wearing a pink dress this time, and her gloves were gone, but she rubbed her arm with her other hand, looking at Sven.

"Soâ€|any reason for the visit?" Sven asked, cursing at himself for he felt it seemed rude.

"Well, I just wanted to see if you were okayâ€|since, well, we're kind of going through the same thing right now. Both don't have parents to go to now." Sven smiled, and looked at her. She reminded him of his mother, whose gaze was just as gentle as Susan's.

"Yeah." He said softly. He got a glimpse of a faint smile from her too, her prettiness beginning to blossom.

"Oh. and I wanted to thank you again for helping me get into the..."

"You're welcome." Sven interrupted. "It's what I do nowâ€|unwillingly." Susan looked at him again.

"Unwillingly? You mean, you didn't want to do this?" She asked. Sven sighed, and nodded, slinking down and resting his elbows on his knees.

"I was five, in preschool; they kidnapped me and put me into some tube, for _thirteen_ years. I just awoke a few hours ago." Susan brought her hand up, hesitated for a moment, and gently placed her soft hand on Sven's shoulder, to comfort him.

"I'm so sorry. Having your childhood robbed away from you to be someâ€|soldier. Andâ€|your parentsâ€|" Sven shivered, he hadn't been touched in so long it felt strange. Susan felt as if she had made the situation worse by touching him and shot her hand back. "I'm sorry." She murmured. Sven sat up, staring into her sapphire eyes.

"No, no, that's alright." He asked. The princess paused for a moment, blinked once, then spoke.

"Can I be your friend?" She asked. Sven looked away from his helmet's emotionless visor at her, seeing her facial expression, and knowing she was serious about the question. "I never had friends back home in the mansion." Sven paused, and nodded.

"Sure Princess, we can be friends." He said politely. Susan smiled brightly.

"Thank you, and...call me Susan, please." She said.

"But..." Sven began.

"I've been called Princess all my life Sven, please, I don't want to be treated any differently than any of your friends." she cocked her head to the side. "You do have other friends right? Like Eva-01?" Sven thought for a moment. Shinji, 'Takimee, Victoria, and Dr. Winchester could be called friends, but he still hardly knew them. To avoid complicating the conversation, he nodded.

"Yes, he's my friend." He said, smiling. Susan smiled kindly.

"I'll leave you to get some rest." She stood up and headed toward the door. "Good night." She said.

"Good night." Sven replied. Susan's smile still grew as she opened the door and walked out, closing the door gently after her. Sven pulled his feet under the blankets again and closed his eyes, and it wasn't long before sleep overcame him, with the thoughts of his new

'friends' holding back the sadness in loosing his family...

6. Diamondhead

Chapter 6

The Master Chief's room

Sven was awoken by someone banging on his door. A rough, demanding voice came in. Before doing anything at all, he glanced at the clock, it was six-thirty in the morning.

"Alright boys, rise 'n shine. We've got another Abater bastard on our hands." Sven thought for a second, it couldn't be 'Takimee, his voice was too low to be this man's, plus he would never use this type of tone and language with them. He got up and opened the door. He saw Shinji with his door open as well, rubbing the sleep out of his tired eyes, staring back at him.

"What? Who'sâ€|?" Shinji began before he and Sven looked down the hall to see 'Takimee, along with another, never-before-seen man. He was was a black man, probably in his late early to mid-forties; he wore army clothes with pockets for storing ammo, and an army cap, a thin black mustache was his only apparent facial hair, as he was bald.

"Good morning you two, this is Sergeant Avery Johnson, he will be assisting us on our new assignment today. Get into your battle armor; we're leaving as soon as possible." 'Takimee said. Johnson crossed his arms and grunted.

"Let's roll! NOW!!" He barked. Sven and Shinji nodded and closed their doors, only to emerge minutes later, decked out in their armor. Shinji looked at Sven, just about to say something when the two realized that their leaders were missing. Quickly the two made for the flight deck, where they stored jets and helicopters for mission departures. As they ran side-by-side, Shinji popped in the question.

"Who was at you room last night?" The Master Chief looked at Eva-01 as he continued. "I heard Dr. Winchester, but after I heard the footsteps leave I fell asleep."

"It was Susan." Sven replied. Shinji nodded.

"I told you." He said.

"Told me what?" Sven asked, not quite grasping what his comrade meant. Without another spoken word, the two picked up their pace and sprinted to the launching bay.

* * *

><p>Launching Bay

'Takimee paced back and forth, an assault rifle was in his hand and a plasma pistol was strapped the his belt. He didn't seem worried, bored more than anything. Johnson stood with a bulky shotgun in hand, an assualt rifle in the other. He had always been known to be a bit

of a smartass, a rough one, and to quote one of his mentees, 'One_helluva_leader'. 'Takimee turned once the doors opened and the two super soldiers rushed in. Slowing their sprint to a walk, the two approached their leaders.

"Chief, catch!" Johnson shouted and tossed an assault rifle at Sven. The Master Chief caught it and continued to walk until he stood before his leaders. 'Takimee tossed an assault rifle at Eva-01 as well.

"What are we dealing with this time?" The Master Chief asked as he and Eva-01 met with the Elite and sergeant to form a square formation. 'Takimee looked down on the Spartan.

"It's a Diamondhead." He replied. The Master Chief could suddenly feel Eva-01's confidence drain and he seemed nervous now. He looked at Shinji.

"What's a Diamondhead?" He asked. Eva-01 looked at him but before he could speak, Johnson interrupted.

"It's a flying Abater, one tough sonuva bitch too." He said. Sven nodded.

"Sergeant Johnson and his crew will attack via helicopter." 'Takimee said. "We, on the other hand, shall attack through a Covenant cruiser, a Banshee." Seconds later, a shipment of six brown armored Marines dashed in, all carrying assault rifles. The armor covered their chest, back, shoulders, legs, and arms, along with a brown helmet with a green computer screen covering one of their eyes. Underneath the armor was a tough leather-like material.

Sven and Shinji noticed as the Marines, or Helljumpers, as their class was, stared at them and muttered things, most of which saying that the two looked like giants in the armor, even though they were eighteen years old.

"Alright Marines, let's move out, double-time!" Johnson barked as he waited for his men to climb into the bulkiest and most well-armed helicopter there, a newly designed vehicle by the government. The helicopter was large, in both height and length, it was mostly white, with a few red and grey areas where weapons and supplies were stored in compartments, and with red stripes going down its wings. It was known as the Scarlet Eagle-04. Everyone got on board and Johnson saluted to 'Takimee, before hopping on himself.

Waiting for the helicopter to take off, 'Takimee clacked his mandibles to the others and led them to another section of the chamber.

"Master Chief, these are Banshees, Eva-01 has already tested one, and significantly failed." He began to chuckle from the thought, which was obviously an embarrassing moment for Shinji. "Don't worry; they aren't too hard to fly." There were stationed three purple Covenant Banshees, one-manned flyers that from the pulse waves to his brain, Sven knew that they fired a flurry of plasma blasts, as well as the awesomely powerful fuel rod cannon underneath. 'Takimee rested on his stomach into the Banshee, his hands gripping the controls and the top of the flyer closed down over him. Shinji did this next, followed by Sven.

As the three of them hovered in place, 'Takimee's voice came over the COM channel.

"Dr. Winchester, the sky roof please."

"Of course, good luck." The doctor's voice said over the link and above them, a sky roof opened where the ground level actually was, and 'Takimee shot out, followed by Eva-01, but the Master Chief hovered for a few moments, he heard Dr. Winchester's voice in his link. "Master Chief, what are you doing?" He asked. Sven was quite busy looking at all the different colored panels around him inside the Banshee, most of which didn't do anything at all, except give him a variety of hues to look through the main screen with. He didn't quite understand however, that Banshees did not have windows, though inside, one could see around them easily. Snapping to, the Master Chief shot the Banshee upward and through the large panel. "Good luck men." Dr. Winchester said again from the control center, scientists and engineers walking about, doing their jobs, when four monitors lit up, showing what the four flying vehicles saw, so that they could assist them if the situation got nasty. Fred stood beside him, arms crossed, his sunglasses off and folded neatly in his pocket, he watched Sven's monitor the most. A thought passed through his mind.

"Doctor, where is that princess the team rescued?" He asked. Winchester looked over at him, thinking for a moment.

"Let me thinkâ€|oh, I do believe Victoria is spending time with her today. Why?" Winchester asked. Fred shrugged.

"Nothing." He said. The doctor turned back to the screens.

"I do fear that she might be having feelings forâ€|you know." The doctor said. Fred looked surprised.

"What makes you think that?" He asked.

"Well, last night, after the short ceremony, Susan asked to see him." Dr. Winchester said.

"So what? The boy was on the verge of having a mental breakdown for God's sake." Fred replied.

"Yes, you're probably rightâ€|butâ€|just something in her eye when she saw himâ€|heh, never mind." Winchester said.

* * *

><p>Over San Francisco-03

Like London-02, San Francisco-03 was a shielded from Abater forces, and housed thousands of people. Half of it lay in ruin from one of the Abater attacks earlier, that half was not put into the shields, and it was flooded, and that was where the Diamondhead was lurking. While on the Banshee trip, the Master Chief was informed on what a Diamondhead exactly was. It is an aerial combat Abater with a long, elongated mouth filled with sharp razor-sharp teeth. A red jewel of some sort rested on where its eyes should be, four limbs it used as arms and weapons projected from around its massive head, where its

long, whip-like tail also extended. Beside the upper pair of arms, massive wings were said to keep the beast in midair.

"Alright men, we've got a reading, keep your eyes open." _Johnson said over the COM channel.

"Careful you two, a Diamondhead is swift and agile despite its size, which is about the size of the Banshee." 'Takimee warned. The Master Chief checked his motion tracker. Something blipped, then disappeared. He was going to ask 'Takimee or Johnson what it was, but figured that it was just one of them.

"Move! It's right on top of you!" _Johnson cried over the COM channel.

"Where-" The Master Chief started, before he felt something like a freight train crash down on his Banshee, breaking it in half and causing Sven to break through it and plunge toward the waters below.

"Chief!" 'Takimee cried as he and Shinji turned their vehicles around. As the Master Chief plummeted toward the water, he managed to grab his assault rifle and get his first sight of the Diamondhead, its red ruby for an eye glaring at him as it continued to speed towards him, gaining speed with each passing second. Its whip-like tail thrashed from side to side like an angry shark and its pale yellow skin opened a massive mouth, filled with bone-crunching teeth.

"Man down!" _Johnson cried over the channel, probably to headquarters. And Sven caught sight of the Scarlet Eagle as he flew out from around a building, flying towards them.

"Who?" _Dr. Winchester asked. The Master Chief flooded the rest of the conversation out by unleashing a flurry of bullets at the Diamondhead, in his last few seconds of falling. Green blood spraying all around, the Diamondhead swiftly shot itself away from the threat and dodged a few Eagle missiles and plasma shots. The Master Chief suddenly felt resistance as he crashed into a deep flooded part of San Francisco. Because of his bulky armor, he felt himself plunge down through the water until his back struck an old street then his body began to drift up to the surface again. Thankfully the suit was built in with a back-up air supply, able to sustain Sven underwater or in space for no more than an hour.

"The Master Chief's down sir. Diamondhead destroyed his Banshee." _Johnson reported. The Chief reached up and touched his COM link.

"I'm fine Sarge, just shaken by the sneak attack."

"Good man." _He said. _"How long can you hold down there?" _Sven looked around the murky water.

"About an hour, that's when my backup supply is on." He replied.

"Rodger that, Johnson, Eva-01, let's take this thing out quickly." _'Takimee said over the COM channel. Looking around the murky water, Sven caught sight of the entrance of one of the skyscrapers; he

wondered that if he could enter and reach the top it would be easier for the Scarlet Eagle to pick him up.

* * *

>Back at the base, Victoria and Susan walked into the control room, where Fred and Dr. Winchester stood, nervously waiting for the battle to come to a quick and bloodless close, on the human and Elite's side anyway. <p>"I got a few bullets into it doctor. I'm making my way up to the top of one of the skyscrapers." The Master Chief's voice said. As Dr. Winchester was about to reply, Fred lunged forward and beat him to the punch.

"Good work Sven, Johnson will pick you up after they have destroyed the Diamondhead." He backed away and crossed his arms again, only to bump into Victoria. He jumped and turned around, quickly maintaining his cool. "Oh, sorry Mrs. Myer, didn't see you there." He said casually.

"What has happened to Sven?" Victoria asked. Susan looked quickly to the monitors, eyeing the one swimming through thick murky water.

"His Banshee was struck down by the Abater, thankfully he's unharmed. The others are striking at the Diamondhead as we speak, Johnson will prep the Master Chief for evac." Dr. Winchester said. He waved at the monitors, two more were on, one showing Shinji's view, and the other Sven's who was crawling out of the water and walking up a flight of stairs, which seemed to endlessly go up. The doctor stole a glance at Princess Susan, whose eyes were fixed on the Master Chief's screen.

"Damn it, the thing disappeared!" 'Takimee growled. Sven stopped walking and he looked around when he heard a powerful growl echo throughout the staircase.

"What was that?" Victoria asked. Susan swallowed the nervous lump in her throat, watching, wishing, that Sven would get out of there.

"Checking motion trackerâ€¦!" Eva-01 said. _"Chief, he's IN THERE!!"_ The Master Chief clicked the safety off on his assault rifle and leveled it.

"Where is he?" The Master Chief asked, looking all around, at the same time walking up the stairs. He heard a rumble, then a growl. He paused, and muttered. _"Crapâ€¦!"_ There was another rumble, and the Master Chief jumped up the stairs, just as the behemoth beast shattered the stairs he stood on moments before. The Diamondhead had returned to finish what it started.

Staring at each other for what seemed like the longest time, the Spartan and Abater had a frightening showdown, until the Master Chief ruined the moment by blasting a blast of bullets at the Diamondhead. More green blood exploding from its wounds, the Abater let out a howl of agony as it lunged forward and slammed Sven into the wall; his shields gave out from the impact, leaving him vulnerable to more devastating attacks.

"Chief get out of there!" Dr. Winchester ordered. The Diamondhead

hovered away, its toothy mouth forming an eerie grin as it readied for another attack.

"My shieldsâ€|they're coming backâ€|I'm fineâ€|" The Master Chief said, pushing himself to his feet by pinning himself to the wall.

"No, you get out of there, NOW!" Fred barked. Sven still didn't budge; he raised his assault rifle with one weak arm, aiming it at the ruby on the Abater's head. But before his finger could squeeze the trigger, the monster opened its jaws, grabbed the Master Chief by his torso, and with tremendous strength, chucked him through the two-foot thick wall made of concrete and steel.

"Oh Jesusâ€|" Victoria muttered. The Master Chief's camera became very shaky as he spun around and around in midair and crashed into the water again, this time he didn't budge as he floated to the top. Susan brought a hand up to her mouth to hide her shock, but her wide, watery eyes could tell what was going through her mind. As a child, Susan had always hated seeing people she cared about get hurt, once she accidentally stepped on a butterfly she was playing with when she was five, and cried for an hour or so afterward.

_"Chief? Chief where'd you go?" _Johnson asked. _"You bastard, you better not be dead!"_

"That collision through the wall like thatâ€|could've easily killed any man." Fred said softly, followed by a sigh. Susan slowly brought her hand away from her mouth, her hand shaky yet her eyes couldn't move away from the screen..

"But he's no ordinary man. He'sâ€|Svenâ€|the Master Chief." Dr. Winchester said confidently. Frederick, Susan, and Victoria all looked at him, all of them moved by his determination.

As the Diamondhead flew out of the massive gap in the wall, it scanned the area for the Master Chief, wanting to tear him limb from limb, when it looked up to see a purple, screaming Banshee fly towards it.

Eva-01 appeared from around a building and fired the fuel rod cannon on the underside of the Banshee. A fuel rod round appeared like a giant green blob of plasma, much like the blue-colored plasma rounds of the main source of ammo in the Banshee. Acting swiftly, the Diamondhead shot itself to the side and dodged the explosion, only to fall into their trap. As Shinji dropped his Banshee down toward the water, 'Takimee's ship appeared, firing a flurry of plasma blasts and the Scarlet Eagle appeared beside it, firing its machineguns and launching its missiles. With a high-pitched scream, the Diamondhead was hit directly and engulfed in an explosive mix of fire and plasma.

Sorry about the long update, this chapter needed quite a bit of cleanup for some reason, that and my busy schedule lately. Anyways, I'll be back again with another chapter of Abate, hoped you liked it, and don't forget to review!

****Chapter 7****

Headquarters

Johnson and his team managed to find the Master Chief and safely evacuate him. Unfortunately, Sven had gone into deep shock, and was put in his room to rest, along with the most sophisticated technology to watch over him. The Helljumpers, Johnson, 'Takimee, and Shinji, who was outside of his armor now, said a small prayer for their comrade in the mess hall.

"Damn, how thick do you think that wall was?" One Helljumper, named Derrick, asked another, whose name was Tucker.

"I'd bet a foot or more." Tucker replied.

"You two, shut your mouths and eat." Johnson snapped. Though not exactly one to mourn over a death or serious injury of a comrade, the sergeant was never fond of speaking about it either.

* * *

>Dr. Winchester stood at Sven's bedside, watching his creation rest. He began to wonder, was the cost of this boy's childhood really worth having to turn him into a doomed super soldier? But of course it was, if it would give humanity a chance to succeed in this war, it was worth it, no matter the stakes or lives lost. Sven's armor was off, taken to the laboratories for a little tweaking up, so he was just in his black, soft, under armor material. Dr. Winchester saw the boy twitch a bit, his eyes slowly opening. At first, Sven's vision was hazy, but he could see the doctor standing over him. <p>"Hâ€|Hey Docâ€|" He began.<p>

"Rest." Dr. Winchester said. Sven's eyes opened fully, his eyes looking tired and weak.

"Did we win?" He asked. The doctor nodded.

"Yes we did. But when we tell you to move next time, do it." He said calmly. It was odd, Winchester was one who that if the world was about to blow up, still would not yell, shout, or anything of the sort.

"Heyâ€|Doctorâ€|?" Winchester turned around.

"Yes?" He asked. When the elderly looked at Sven, he saw that the Spartan had already fallen to sleep again. Winchester chuckled to himself as he slowly and quietly opened the door, walked through, and closed it again.

* * *

><p>The Next Morning

A day had passed, Sven slept through most of it, and he felt bad when he awoke, and found out that he had missed everyone's visits. But because of some sort of device that told Dr. Winchester whether he was awake or not, he immediately heard the elderly man's voice from a speaker for just his room.

"_You're awake, good, Sven, please come to my office. I have a surprise for you and Shinji."_ He said and signed off. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Sven slipped out of his bed and looked around. His armor was still missing, Dr. Winchester obviously had it, and maybe that was the surprise he had in store for him. In nothing but the skin-tight under armor, though it was still flexible, covering him from the top of his neck, down to his toes, the Master Chief opened his door, only to see Shinji doing the same. He was in some sort of skin-tight material as well, not under armor, it was slick and shiny, with the colors blue and white blended together. They exchanged nods and walked side-by-side down the hall.

"How are you feeling?" Shinji asked. Sven popped his neck and nodded.

"Pretty good. Anything exciting happen since I was asleep?" He asked. Shinji shook his head. The Master Chief learned that Shinji wasn't one for words, as was he.

The Master Chief and Eva-01 entered Dr. Winchester's office, surprised by the sight of both Sven and Shinji's suits of armor standing by means of a pole through them. Together they looked frightening and powerful, like knights in shining armor ready for combat. The Eva-01 armor had been polished up, with a shine that made it look like new, and the MJOLNIR armor had an entirely new look to it. The visor was more complex now, as was the armor, which was much less bulky now and more efficient. Dr. Winchester looked up from a paper on his desk, smiling.

"Morning you two." He said kindly. "I hope you'll like the upgrades we established into your armor, Sven, your armor is now much less heavy, which should aid you and your already quick moves in battle, plus the shields are much more powerful, so if say you're thrown through a wall again, you can take it, depending on how thick it is. And Shinji, your Eva-01 armor has been upgraded with the same shielding MJOLNIR has, which will up your chances in battle without having to retreat." He spread his arms out. "Go ahead, try them on. We have another surprise for you."

Sven and Shinji suited up, both of them finding their new armor much more comfortable, and Sven actually feared that he may not come out from it ever! And they were called to the weapons deck. Two mighty warriors standing side-by-side, they jumped when the doors slid open and two new warriors appeared. Their armor each unique as well, the two turned away from what appeared to be Dr. Winchester, 'Takimee, and Sergeant Johnson, raising up pistols they held in two hands.

"Move!" The Master Chief ordered as he and Shinji learned that their suits were in fact _much _more light and easier to maneuver in. Bullet holes punching into the walls, Eva-01 and the Master Chief ran in opposite directions, and acted quickly to snatch a weapon from the weapons rack. Shinji grabbed a shotgun and Sven grabbed an SMG. They both turned just in time to face the threats when Dr. Winchester raised his hands to halt the battle.

"That is enough. Well done you two." He said, motioning the two forward. "Meet the new members of the team, Eva-00, and Eva-02." The two Evas rose from their crouched positions to stand at their full height. Eva-00 wore blue armor, with some white touches around it,

and instead of two eyes or eye slits, it had a single red eye, where the wearer could lock onto an opponent more affectively, both Sven and Shinji presumed it would be their sniper. Eva-02 wore red armor, with some white places on it as well. Oddly, the armor gave four eyes instead of two or one, something neither the Master Chief nor Eva-01 could quite figure out.

"You two may present yourself now." 'Takimee said. The two Evas nodded and took their helmets off. Eva-02 placed the helmet at its side, as did Eva-00. Both the Master Chief and Eva-01 were astonished when they saw that they were both girls. Eva-02 had long, fiery-red hair and sapphire blue eyes. She smiled, winked, and waved at the two.

"Not badâ€|for boys." She joked. Eva-00 was odd however, for she had short, white hair, which caught anyone's attention quickly, also, she had ruby-red eyes, which clashed with her light hair and pale skin. She didn't speak.

"Master Chief and Eva-01, these are," Dr. Winchester pointed over to Eva-02. "Alexis Swans."

"Alexis _Langley_ Swans." Eva-02 corrected for him.

"Yes, and this is Ray." Winchester said. Ray nodded at them.

"And we've told them about you." Johnson added. Alexis, who was obviously the ambitious, perfect, and go-getting person, looked over at Shinji.

"Yeah, you're the Master Chief right?" Eva-01 shook his head, and pointed to Sven, who raised his hand to clarify that he was the Master Chief. Alexis grinned. "Oh, okay, heard about your 'crash' in with that Diamondhead." She said. The Master Chief nodded.

"Umâ€|yes." He said. Slowly he set the SMG back onto its rack; Shinji did the same with the shotgun. There was a tense silence in the room, and to break it, Dr. Winchester said.

"Master Chief, you must be famished, why don't you and the Evas get something to eat? You and Eva-01 can get to know the others." Everyone stared at each other, for they knew it was some way for Dr. Winchester to get rid of them for the afternoon. The Master Chief nodded, followed by Eva-01, then Eva-00, but Alexis actually said something.

"Sure, the trip here from New York was pretty long and I am pretty hungry."

**Like Shinji, Alexis and Ray are both from Evangelion, only with name changes, from Asuka and Rei. I hoped you like the new additions to the team and don't forget to review!
>

8. Mess Hall

Chapter 8

Mess Hall

With Alexis the wild one leading the way to the mess hall, the group slowly made their way to the mess hall. Everyone but Sven had stripped themselves of their armor, Ray and Alexis were in very good physical condition, and probably trained hard from where they were from. 'Takimee had decided to come along, for he felt he should be around his comrades more, especially the Master Chief; he felt something special about him, something he wanted to know. Sven seemed so mysterious, much like Shinji, but 'Takimee just couldn't grasp what it was about him that intrigued him. With the Elite and Master Chief taking the rear of the group, 'Takimee looked down onto the human, who was amazingly seven feet tall in the armor.

"How are you feeling Master Chief?" He asked. Sven looked over to him, and nodded.

"Fine sir." He replied. The Elite nodded as well and looked forward again. A hallway met with their hallway and someone ran into the Master Chief, nearly falling over but hardly affecting him. Sven looked down and felt himself smile with joy. "Hello Princess." He said, quickly cursing himself for not calling her by her name like she asked him. Susan looked up at him; a wide grin crossed her face.

"Hi Sven." She said kindly. "Feeling better? I came in late this morning and you were still asleep." She broke out into snickers. 'Takimee grinned and crossed his arms, stopping with the two. Susan saw the Elite and quickly came back to normal, bowing slightly. "Good day Sir 'Takimee, how are you feeling this day?" She asked. The Elite nodded.

"I'm fine, thank you Princess." His yellow eyes met with Sven's for a split-second. "Would you mind to accompany us to the mess hall? I know it's not like the kind of treatment you're used to butâ€¦"

"I'd love to 'Takimee." Susan said eagerly, but quickly regaining her calm self. The Master Chief nodded, but didn't utter a sound, despite his happiness to see Susan. The Elite spec ops commander clacked his mandibles and nodded.

"Very well, come along you two." He said and stood beside the Master Chief, seeing Susan stand on the other side of Sven. Taking his long stride with his hooped feet, the Elite couldn't help but look over to the two, and witness as Susan's pink glove clasped Sven's hand, her hand holding his tightly. Sven jumped slightly, looked down to his hand, seeing the pink glove in his hand, then looking up to Susan, who was smiling kindly.

"Don't friends always hold hands?" She asked. Sven hesitated. He had never held anyone's hand when he was a child, but perhaps it was because he didn't have many friends, and none of them were close to him. He nodded to Susan's comment.

Alexis opened the doors to the mess hall and walked in, followed by Ray and Shinji, who enjoyed small conversation with one another. Looking at the two of them, Sven could see them going out. Ray was still an odd one however, as her words were difficult to hear, even when standing next to her.

In the massive room, where five long lunch tables similar to a school cafeteria's were lined, from one end of the room to the other, and able to seat a full squad of Marines and much more if it needed to. A few soldiers were seated, eating small meals, some were guards, some were Marines, while others were scientists and employees of this laboratory, and a few Helljumpers as well. They lined up, grabbed their plates and took what they wanted from the food variety. There were hamburgers, chicken, several vegetables and fruits like apples, lettuce, oranges, grapes, celery, and carrots. Desserts after those, and then there was a drink fountain, which had you grab a cup or glass and fill it with some sort of drink, there was be water, soda pop, or orange juice.

After they picked what they wanted, they sat down as one, with Alexis, Ray, and 'Takimee sitting on one side, and Shinji, the Master Chief, and Susan on the other side. Sven unfolded his napkin and placed it over his legs, as he had seen his parents do it several times. Next he snapped his helmet off and set it on the floor beside his feet, revealing his pale skin now.

"So uhâ€¦what did you two fight before we 'girls' came along?" Alexis asked, obviously curious on who they fought, and eager to show that she was better. She leaned forward, towards the timid Shinji, and bit a half of a carrot off, making the moment a little awkward. She laughed and sat back.

"Wellâ€¦we fought that Diamondhead." Shinji said.

"I fought a Gravedigger." Alexis interrupted. Her eyes seemed determined to show herself better than the others. "I hope to kill a Slicer 'n Diver someday soon." She added.

"They've already neutralized one." 'Takimee butted in before washing down a chunk of meat with water. Sven looked up from his meal and nodded.

"Several." He said softly.

"What, Several?!" Alexis exclaimed.

"Yes, it was their first mission. Find and destroy a Slicer 'n Dicer, we found it, but it split in two, then into several others, and the Master Chief here, neutralized all of them, along with some aid from myself, and Eva-01, who was ordered back to his post quickly." The Elite said. Susan smiled at Sven and gently touched his hand with hers, which quickly got him to blush as he looked at her.

"I was told you were put in suspended animation for thirteen years." Ray said, very softly, hardly anyone could hear her, but Sven could just barely managed to hear her. He looked up, and nodded.

"Really?" Alexis asked, butting in. "What'd your parents say? Were they dead and you were an orphan? Or did they pay themâ€¦" She glanced over at 'Takimee, and saw that his golden eyes were giving her a most dissatisfied glare. "What?" Shinji and Susan looked at Sven to see his reaction. The Master Chief stared blankly at the redhead, thinking of what to say.

"No need to ask such questions." 'Takimee interrupted. He looked at Sven. "He would prefer to stay away from those kinds of questions if

necessary." Sven nodded and faintly smiled at his leader, before taking a bite out of a dry, salty piece of chicken.

* * *

>The Master Chief finished relatively early. He picked up the tray and went to dump it into the trash bin, not before putting his helmet back on of course. He turned, and dodged to the side as Susan dumped her tray as well. She couldn't help but continue to smile up at him.<p><p>

"I like your new look." She commented.

"Thanks." The Master Chief said, nodding. Sven's emotionless visor couldn't look away from Susan's loving eyes as they shared a tender moment that was shattered by an alarm.

_"Evas, Master Chief, get down here!" _Fred's voice hollered over the speaker. Though Sven had yet to actually meet and speak with this Fred person, he still held high regard for him. Knowing it was another Abater attack; the Master Chief looked over at Susan, touched her hand with his, and said.

"I'll be back." Before he and the others sprinted off to the weapons room.

**One Abater attack after another huh? Well it won't be long now until we see the real Abaters, as well as the Brutes, Jackals, and Drones. **

** Slight spoiler: Tartarus will appear soon enough, and is probably the main antagonist of the series. **

**Hoped you like this chapter, and another is on its way!
>

9. The Orb

Chapter 9

Weapons Room

Johnson and Fred waited in the weapons room, along with a few Helljumpers, including Derrick and Tucker. Johnson loaded a clip of fresh ammo into an assault rifle and turned to the doors when the Evas and the Master Chief burst through.

"'Bout time you showed up." Johnson muttered. "It seems we've got an Orb on the loose in New York." Shinji looked over to Alexis, wondering if she would be affected at all by the attack of her hometown, but instead, she wore a grin, ready to fight and show that she was superior to the rest of them.

"We can handle it, right guys?" She said. Ray and Shinji didn't answer, but the Master Chief didn't look at her whatsoever.

"So what is an 'Orb'?" He asked.

"Don't know, just came up on radar." Johnson replied. Fred

straightened his form, clasped his hands behind his back, his sunglasses tinting in the room.

"After a rather quick and thoughtless discussion on naming the Orb, Dr. Winchester and myself have found out in the small amount of time we studied it that it is indeed in the globe shape, and it hovers rather slowly." The agent said.

"This should be easy then." Alexis added. Johnson grunted.

"Doubt it Swans, we know those Abater bastards have been after New York for quite some time now, and I won't be surprised if some of the true Abaters show up, as soldiers." The sergeant said.

"So this is it Shinji and Sven, you just might be meeting the big trouble makers in this mess today." Fred concluded. "Grab what you need and go. Johnson and his Helljumpers will escort you there by means of the Scarlet Eagle. Good luck."

* * *

>A bit disappointed for not having to fly a Banshee, the Master Chief jumped up into the Scarlet Eagle, which was able to carry himself, the Evas, Johnson, and one Helljumper. Derrick was a little nervous to be in the presence of the Master Chief, especially after he had been thrown through a two-foot thick wall into a pool of water, and still survive. Alexis, Ray, and Shinji were suited up now, all looking alike, yet they were each unique. Sitting beside the window, across from Johnson, the Master Chief looked out to see Dr. Winchester, 'Takimee, Victoria, and Susan by the entrance, wishing them luck as the Eagle took off and towards New York.<p><p>

Sven had brought along dual SMG's again, instead of the regular assault rifle, as the others carried. As clouds swept past the swiftly moving helicopter, the Master Chief looked over at Shinji, whose stare gazed on the floor. He nudged him in the arm.

"You okay?" He asked. Shinji looked up, making eye contact with his friend, and nodded. He sat up straighter in his seat, the Eva and Master Chief making eye contact just inches away from each other. They both looked so powerful, so strong, and if they were to ever get into a battle, it seemed it would be a colossal clash.

"So how are you andâ€|Susan doing?" He asked. The Master Chief hesitated, deep feelings mixing in with his thoughts of the upcoming battle, and said.

"Good." The Spartan replied. Eva-01 nodded. They both jumped when they heard Sergeant Johnson speak.

"So you and her an item?" He said, smiling and fighting the upcoming laugh. Sven looked at him and nodded.

"Iâ€|I don't know sir." He said, not knowing exactly what he meant by 'item'. Johnson leaned back in his seat. Alexis leaned forward towards Ray.

"Who are they talking about?" She asked. Ray didn't answer; instead she looked back and forth from Johnson to the Master Chief.

"Where are you from Chief?" Johnson asked.

"Fair Oaks, Kansas, sir." Sven replied.

"So you lived right on top of us thirteen years ago. Back when I was a rowdy little soldier without a care in the world." The sergeant began. "I lost some good friends those first few years of the war, before the Covenant came in."

"I'm sorry to hear that sir." The Master Chief said. Johnson loosened up a bit.

"So you better not die, otherwise you'll make that someone that cares about you feel some nasty pain." Johnson went on. Derrick watched in awe, amazed that someone who was practically dead for thirteen years, robbed of their childhood, and forced into the military could possibly have a heart, let alone share it with someone else.

* * *

>"We're in the New York area; the shields here are down, better hurry to kill that thing." The pilot said, some time later.

"You heard him, go, go, go!" Johnson shouted as he and the others leaped out from the helicopter, weapons posed, they all scanned the area for anything out of the ordinary. New York City was deserted, papers flew across the streets by the wind and sunlight glinted off of the massive skyscrapers hanging over them.

_"Don't forget the Grunts." _The pilot said. The back of the Scarlet Eagle opened and short, stocky creatures stumbled out. Altogether there were ten, either wearing orange or red armor, with blue skin, and big black beady eyes. They carried tanks on their backs with a mask over their mouths, which gave the Grunts methane-rich air.

"Alright people, Derrick, you go with Eva-02, along with four Grunts. Eva-00 go with Master Chief, along with three Grunts, and I'll go with Eva-01, with the last three Grunts. We'll split in different directions, and contact each other if we come into contact." Johnson ordered. "Go!" And with that, the three teams split up in different directions.

* * *

>Sprinting, the Master Chief and Eva-00 kept scanning the area as well as they could, even though they were moving very quickly. Sven stopped.<p><p>

"Wait." He said. Ray froze and turned, her head cocked to the side and her physical movements asked 'why?' "We have to wait for the Grunts." The Master Chief said, turning to the waddling, and clumsy creatures known as Grunts.

"Okay." Ray said softly. The Grunts ran up to them, gasping from their methane-masks for breathe.

"You okay?" The Master Chief asked the three Covenant beings. Looking up with their beady eyes, the Grunts nodded.

"Yes sir." They all said. Eva-00 stepped forward, holding her assault rifle in one hand.

"Can you tell us your names?" She asked, again in almost a whisper.

"Yes ma'am. I'm Jukal." The Grunt in red said. Jukal held a plasma pistol in his hand, which could charge up, fired, and turn into one helluva blast, or if one were to pull the trigger multiple times, it would unleash a flurry of green plasma.

"I'm Gakarg." One of the Grunts in orange armor said, the methane tank on his back was smaller than the others, he also carried a plasma pistol.

"And I'm Yegil." The final Grunt said. Yegil carried an odd-looking weapon; it was rather bulky, with pink needles extending out of the top of it. It was called a needler, and when fired, would shoot the pink needles, lock onto an enemy, hit it, then explode while embedded in its skin. The Eva and Master Chief nodded, before turning and walking down the deserted road, so that their Grunt allies could keep up.

* * *

>Johnson, Eva-01, and three Grunts scanned the area for anything that was somewhat Abater-like.<p><p>

"You two, go check out that street, then report back to us." Johnson ordered to two Grunts, who waddled up the street to the next one.

"Enemy!" One shouted in its high-pitched, squeaky voice. He and his comrade opened fire on an unseen foe, which seemed to be in midair, obviously it was the Orb.

"Let's move!" Johnson barked at Eva-01 and the final Grunt, who was named Kiwak. A shadow fell over the two Grunts, and the others witnessed in horror as the shadow sucked the Grunts down screaming and wailing down into its darkness. The shadow vanished, as did the Grunts. "When you see it, open fire on the son of a bitch!" Johnson cried as he and the others stopped and aimed their weapons.

A round object appeared from behind a building, it was massive. Thirty, maybe forty feet wide and just as tall, the Orb somehow spotted the humans and Grunt and began to hover towards them. It was odd looking, as it was white, with black stripes all over it, it was patterned to be zebra-like, yet it still radiated a menacing look.

"Fire!" Johnson cried as he and the others fired at it. Kiwak fired the most, for the Orb killed his comrades.

"Shadow!" Eva-01 cried. And with his words, the Orb's shadow appeared underneath their feet. Johnson hurled Ridid away, and dove to the street that the blackness didn't touch. Shinji however, wasn't as fortunate. Like quicksand, the shadow consumed Eva-01, no matter how much he fought it. Johnson reached for the COM link.

"Three men down! We need backup!"

* * *

>The Master Chief and Eva-00 paused and looked at each other, nodded, and took off sprinting in Johnson's directions.<p><p>

"We are they going?" Gakarg asked the others.

"We're helping the Sergeant." Jukal said, as he and Yegil took off waddling as fast as they could to their aid. "Turn your COM link on once in awhile."

Though the Master Chief's team made it there pretty fast, Alexis's was faster. As he and Ray turned to the corner, followed by their three Grunt comrades, they witnessed Johnson and Ridid firing at the Orb, as well as Alexis, Derrick, and their four Grunts. Sven opened fire once he saw Eva-01 be completely consumed by the darkness, however, he didn't seem to fight anymore, and went willingly. The shadow disappeared, and reappeared under Alexis's teams' feet.

"Oh my God!!" She screamed as she opened fire on the shadow below her, but it continued to suck her in. Her Grunt comrades were the first to go, then Derrick, but the Orb seemed to take its time sucking Alexis in.

"Sir...Sir" Shinji's voice echoed over the COM channel, filled with static. Johnson, a little surprised, touched the link.

"Yes son?" He asked.

"The...ther...s...they...fine"

"Slow down, I can't understand you." Johnson said.

"I'm...try...up...Orb" Johnson and the others tried to think about what that meant, all over Alexis's screams and wails and the static. The Master Chief lowered his SMG's and looked at Johnson.

"Sir, I think he's trying to blowup the Orb." He said. Johnson reached for the link and said.

"Blow his ass up man!" And with that, they heard a beep, then the Orb paused. The shadow, now getting Alexis at her neck, disappeared, and left her in the cement, from the neck down. Next the Abater exploded in a shower of black blood. The Orb's skin fell limp to the ground and peeled out like flower pedals. Inside the black ooze, a black figure arose. Black blood dripping from its gangly figure, the figure seemed menacing. It took a step towards them, and other figures rose up. It was Eva-01, his purple and green armor covered with black blood, as were Derrick and the Grunts. "Good work men." Johnson said. "Let's get you home."

"Isn't someone going to help me out from here?!!" She cried.

"It'll take awhile to get some drilling equipment out here, so you better be ready for a long wait." Johnson replied, after calling for the chopper.

"What?!!" Alexis screamed. "Isn't there some faster way?!!" Johnson

grinned to himself, and looked at the Master Chief.

"Chief, how'd you like to blow Eva-02 out of there with one of your guns?" He asked, smirking. Going along with it, Sven nodded.

"Yes sir." He said, and walked toward Alexis. She managed to shake her head.

"No thanks, I can wait." She said shakily.

"That's better." Johnson cried over the roar of the landing helicopter that came from behind a building and landed before them. "Don't hesitate to contact military forces if some Abaters show up." He said as he and the others hopped aboard the copter and took off.

Well, that's that Abater, again based off an Angel from Evangelion. I hoped you liked this chapter as with the others, and if you would like to drop in a review, I wouldn't mind.

10. Bond Brothers

Chapter 10

Dr. Winchester's Office

Though the move was set as a joke, Alexis hardly saw the humor in them ditching her and leaving her for three hours until a drill team showed up to get her out of the street. Shinji and the others who had been consumed by the Orb had their armor taken to the labs again for cleaning, the Grunts were given smaller methane respirators while their gas tanks were being cleaned, and practically walked around in human clothing. The Master Chief found it humorous to walk down a hall and see a short Grunt wearing a Budweiser t-shirt that was too big for him and went down to his feet, and he saw one wearing a trucker hat once, which was cocked to the side.

However, this was not the time for laughing at Grunt's hilarious behavior; it was a time to speak with the doctor, and puppet master behind the MJOLNIR armor and the Eva series, which Sven had learned there were many more like Shinji, Ray, and Alexis, and each armor set was unique. The Evas were free of their armor, Shinji wore a jacket and jeans, Ray a blouse and skirt, and Alexis wore a t-shirt with the words Cutey on it and a pair of shorts. Sven, as usual, remained in his armor. Looking out into the test laboratories from his office, Dr. Winchester's back was turned to the four children.

"Seems we're learning so much about the Abaters every time we see one, and, of course, kill it." He turned, smiling at them. "You did well yesterday. And Shinji, what was it like inside the Orb?" He asked, quite curious. Shinji nodded, and said.

"It was coldâ€¦darkâ€¦and empty really. I felt like I was going to freeze inside that thing."

"And it appears that it is tough on the outside, but quite defenseless on the inside, no digestive system that eats away its food right away. Maybe it freezes its prey, and some sort of bacteria inside of it eats it away and gives it nutrients." Dr. Winchester

said, stroking his chin. The others found his speculations a rather unsettling thought, but nonetheless, probably true. "But still, good work all of you, especially you Shinji, for killing the Orb." Though it was hard to tell for Ray, Sven and Shinji definitely could tell that Alexis was angered that she was outshined, and humiliated.

"Don't you guys worry; I'll take care of the next one." She said aloud. Dr. Winchester smiled.

"I'm sure you will Ms. Swans. And you did an excellent job finding out that once the Orb shadow stops, it appears as if you weren't sucked in at all. It was a miracle you didn't suffocate." Shinji and Sven smiled, even Ray gave a faint smile. "You're free to go, all of you." He waved them away, fighting the urge to laugh like the others tried to. "Andâ€¦Sven, could you stay here a minute?" The Master Chief paused and turned, then nodded.

"Yes sir." He looked at Shinji. "I'll catch up with you later."

"Okay." Shinji said and left the doctor and Master Chief. Sven stood as straight as he could, towering over Winchester by more than a foot. His third encounter with an Abater made Sven begin to wonder why fighting the Abater armies was so difficult, where they all just odd creatures, perhaps from another dimension, or like what had been implied to him earlier, created by actual Abaters? If this was the case, what did the _real_ Abaters look like, act, attack?

"Yes Doctor?" He asked. Dr. Winchester clasped his hands behind his back, and smiled humbly.

"Have you, by chance, ever seen a Hunter?" He asked. Sven shook his head.

"No sir. But I feel as if you wanted to speak with me about more than just this sir." Dr. Winchester chuckled kindly.

"Sven, must everything be so serious with you?" He asked. The Master Chief looked down to the carpet.

"I...guess not sir." He replied.

"And please, I hate the term 'Sir'. 'Doctor', or 'Herman' is fine." Dr. Winchester said, keeping his gentle smile.

"Of course s...I mean, Doctor." The Spartan corrected himself. "As you were saying..." Winchester cocked an eyebrow and pushed up his glasses, confused. Suddenly his eyes shot wide open and sparkled.

"Aw yes! Please, follow me." He said. The elderly man placed his hand on Sven's shoulder as he passed. "Well? Coming or not?" He chuckled again.

"Yes Doctor." Sven replied and walked after the scientist.

The doctor led Sven to the same training room where his armor had been placed onto him, only now there were two massive and bulky creatures there. They stood in squatted forms, at about eight feet,

with shimmering blue armor, and small patches where their orange skin was revealed, at the middle and neck, so they could move easier obviously. They had massive, three-clawed hands; they had gauntlets which appeared as if supposed to attach something else to them. Their heads were concealed behind blue masks, but their red eyes still shot through. Six long spikes shot out from their backs, and made the two creatures look all the more menacing. As the two came closer, Sven realized that these large beings were connected by small orange worms. The worms under the blue armor squirmed and rustled, even when the beings themselves weren't moving.

"Master Chief, these will be your two Hunter bond brothers, Hettu Orun Lekoly, and Kicilar Orun Geratu." Dr. Winchester introduced the two Hunters and Sven. The doctor turned to Sven. "Once you three have accepted the other, you will be known to them as Sven Orun McGregor." The Master Chief looked up, staring blankly at the two menacing Hunters glaring back at him. Sven nodded and stepped forward.

"Hello Hettu and Kicilar, I am Sven, your new bond brother." The two Hunters looked at each other, when the one closer, obviously Hettu, spoke in a low, powerful grunt.

"You are human, you cannot be our brother." He growled. Dr. Winchester stepped forward.

"Now, now Hettu, we discussed this, I told you all about Sven's deeds, you should be impressed." He said and looked at Sven with a reassuring grin. The Master Chief was a little surprised Dr. Winchester wasn't as prepared for this as he normally would. Perhaps the constant Abater attacks kept him busy.

"Yes, but we must be sure." Kicilar grunted before lunging forward and slamming his massive hand down. The Master Chief jumped to the side and dodged the attack, the two Hunters astounded. "I missed!" The Hunter grumbled. "I never miss." With his other hand, he slashed at Sven, but the Master Chief jumped back, dodging again. Kicilar staggered back, and nodded to his bond brother. "The doctor was right, he is quick to react." Hettu nodded. "One more!" Kicilar boomed as he cornered the Spartan and shot up his large arm, its claws ready to break Sven's bones. Instead of dodging, the Spartan threw his arms up and caught the mammoth fist with both hands and stopped it in midair. "Huh?!" The Hunter cried as the Master Chief forced him to the ground with a thundering boom. A moment of silence passed, and Sven stood up, patting Kicilar on his armored shoulder. "He's...good." The Hunter said, exhausted.

"Very well, welcome Sven Orun McGregor." Hettu boomed as he approached the Master Chief, each step he took a loud and thundering one. Stopping before Sven, the Hunter grunted. "As bond brothers, we shall fight together, protect each other, and will form a bond that shall be unbreakable. Do you accept?" He asked, cocking his head to the side. Kicilar stood beside his bond brother, eager to hear Sven's reply, which began with a nod.

"Yes, bond brothers, I shall." He looked at the Hunters, who gave the other a pleased look, then looked back to the human.

"Very well brother, when you deploy next time, we'll be there to aid you. Remember, as bond brothers, we must protect each other." Hettu said. Sven nodded.

"Of course Brother, thank you." He said.

"You are welcome, and thank you." Kicilar said.

* * *

>Overlooking the Master Chief and the two Hunters, Victoria and Fred spoke with one another behind black glass. Fred had his sunglasses over his eyes, with his jet black hair still combed neatly to the side and his black suit. Victoria wore a lab coat, her arms crossed and her eyes fixed on Sven and the two giants. <p>"He has done extremely well for just being awoken three days ago." Fred began. "And he is only eighteen!" Victoria sighed, and nodded.<p>

"Yes, but I always think, back to the day that we took Sven, and I knew what his destiny was to be. A soldier, for a nearly extinct human race, with little if not any hope left to fight." She looked at Fred, who stared at her through blank sunglasses. "Do you think this war is pointless? We have hundreds of thousands of casualties, we have only a few dozen records of Abater kills, and every time we kill one, Abater forces seem only to be warmed up and toss in a stronger monster, why can't those bastards just fight us themselves?" She looked back down to Sven. Fred stroked his chin.

"Well to crap on your whole theory Ma'am, the Abaters do deploy ground troops regularly, and we have captured one...just once. What we learned was amzing." Fred said.

"Yes, I read the report, Frederick, the Abaters are led by their religious leaders, Prophets, who have also recruited Brutes, Jackals, and Drones into their army, the Abater monsters are merely artificial beings when the Abaters spliced animal DNA from other planets to create what we fight now." Victoria said breathlessly. Fred stood, quite impressed, when he returned to Victoria's original question.

"When I saw the Slicer 'n Dicer mission in England-02, and the Master Chief seemed outnumbered, yes, I did find this war pointless. If he had been killed, it would've just meant that we wasted a child's lifeâ€|and a few million dollars of tax-payer's dollars." Fred replied. Victoria was disgusted, how could he think of money now? Sensing that he angered her somehow, Fred changed the subject. "So, how is the Princess of England?" Victoria, without looking away from the Master Chief, said.

"Well, she seems happy here. She tells me that she enjoys company with the Evas, and especially Sven." She said.

"Sven? Why him? I mean sure, she did seem to have a crush on him in the beginning, but I thought it passed by now. He never shows his face anymore, just encases himself in the MJOLNIR armor. Does he sleep in it?" Fred asked.

"Hmm...I'm not sure about him sleeping in his armor." The dark-haired scientist began. "And trust me, it isn't some puppydog crush either, Susan told me that she thought he was 'cute', but sees them as merely friends." Victoria said, looking back at Fred.

"Heh, the countless girls who have said that to me..." Fred thought

out loud. He looked at Victoria, then returned back to his mind. "Oh, well, in my own opinion, I think we should keep Evas and Spartans away from relationships, the last thing we want a soldier to do, is to think back to a romantic night with their 'honey' and space out the battle."

Yeah, I guess you're right." Victoria replied.

* * *

><p>Break Room

The Break Room, the only place where people could escape from the thought of Abaters and death, just for soldiers and civilians alike to relax, play a game of pool, watch TV, or just lay back and hang out. There were two pool ball tables, which two Helljumpers were playing at, a third one watching the game and socializing with the other two. Couches made a 'U' shape around the big screen television, where when the Master Chief walked in, he found Ray, Shinji, Alexis, and Susan sitting. Next to the carpeted area with the pool tables and couches, was a small tiled area, with tables and chairs, beside three vending machines. Glancing at a nearby calendar, Sven noticed that it was February. His heart raced and he remembered something, but first he would see his friends. He sat down beside Susan and smiled at her, despite wearing the helmet, the princess did the same.

"So what did the doctor want of you _this_ time?" Alexis asked. Sven looked away from Susan and at the redhead, who was seated at the end of the 'U', Ray next to her, then Shinji.

"I went to meet my bond brothers, Hettu and Kicilar." Sven replied. He looked at Susan. "They're Hunters."

"Why do you get to have bond brothers?" Alexis asked. "I guarantee that I've done more than you or Shinji over there, and I haven't gotten anything for it." Sven nodded and politely said.

"I'm sure you will someday." Thrown way off by the polite respond, Alexis shrunk back. The Master Chief looked at the calendar again, something turned on in his mind, he remembered something. He looked at Susan. "I need to go. I'll see you later." He said and rushed off. Susan watched him, wondering what the idea of the hi-and-run attitude was.

* * *

>As Victoria went over some notes while she walked down a hall, she never even noticed Sven approaching her. He was pleased to find her so quickly, for he had a question. She looked up, and smiled at Sven.<p><p>

"Good day Sven, how are you?" She asked. The Master Chief stopped in front of her and nodded.

"I'm fine, thank you, butâ€|what day is it?" He asked. Victoria was a little surprised, but said.

"It's February 24th, why?"

"No reason, thanks." The Master Chief said and walked quickly in the

direction of his room.

"That was oddâ€|unlessâ€|" Victoria smiled to herself and continued on.

* * *

"And it was so strange. He just sat down, looked at me, and left." Susan said, taking a sip from her tea. She and Victoria sat facing each other in the mess hall, one on one side and the other on the other. Though the setting wasn't exactly what the princess was used to, she always liked a cup of tea, and now she was beginning to look up to Victoria like a sister.<p><p>

"Maybe something was bugging him." Victoria replied, hiding what she knew was going on. Susan sighed.

"But I thought we were friends. Don't friends talk to each other? Maybe I'm just doing this whole friend idea wrong and..."

"Don't worry, it's just a guy thing, they like to remain mysterious." Victoria said reassuringly. "And Svenâ€|well, he has a lot of mystery around him doesn't he?" Susan nodded. Victoria reached out and touched her shoulder. "Don't worry, he'll open up, just give him time." Susan smiled faintly.

"I hope so..."

* * *

>Shinji opened Sven's door just a crack, peeking in, he saw Sven at his desk, still in armor, with the lamp and he was apparently writing or drawing something.<p><p>

"Hey Sven, why'd you leave so soon today?" Shinji asked. Sven's head rose up on his shoulders, and he turned around in the chair.

"I need to get something done, for Susan." He said. Shinji thought for a moment, an old childhood memory popped up in his mind, and he smiled.

"Valentine's Day?" He asked. Sven nodded.

"I'm going to deliver it to her tonight, while she's asleep." He said.

"So you are like what Johnson said, an item." Shinji said. Sven looked back over his shoulder.

"I still don't know what that means, but I do...I'm not sure...I think of her and...I don't know." He said.

"I heard about that, I think it's love. My Mother and Father always talked about it." Shinji's grin faded. "Then my mother died, and my father sent me off to an orphanage."

"I'm sorry." Sven said with a nod. Shinji looked up and smiled.

"No, no, it's okay. Hope Susan likes your Valentine."

* * *

><p>Secret Committee Room

The people behind all of this, the Evas, the Spartans, the kidnappings, was the Committee, which had outlived the all other forms of government. Now that there was hardly anyone to boss around with a government, everything was simply run like a business. Dr. Winchester, Victoria, and Fred walked into the dark chamber, where a table stood, where businessmen and military men alike sat. Nothing could be seen, except for the lights overhead, which made each person visible, but nothing else.

"Dr. Winchester, take a seat." The headman, Bill Kingsley said, motioning with his large hand to take a seat. Kingsley was a large man, bald, and always wore the finest suits his money could buy. Between two of his large fingers he clasped a fat cigar, something he smoked often. "We are pleased with what is going on. Three victories in three daysâ€¦impressive." He put his cigar on the edge of his mouth and clasped his pudgy hands then rested his chin on them.

"Yes," Another man said, this one in his fifties and with a Russian accent. He had grey hair, but dark eyebrows, which went with his black eyes. It was General Vassili Rykov, the leader of a mercenary group called the Iron Bears, and though he was fifty-something, he was known to be a great fighter. "I have looked forward to seeing the MJOLNIR armor work, I am impressed. And the MJOLNIR II seriesâ€¦?" He asked.

"The battle suit has worked more efficiently than even the first series General." Victoria stated. "We will ship the first to you immediately." Rykov nodded.

"Very good." But before Rykov could go on, probably on the topic of Evas, Kingsley spoke.

"And of the children, may I hear their names and status please?" Dr. Winchester, Victoria, and even Fred hesitated to give each other a look of worry. They all knew Kingsley as a businessman, a ruthless person who didn't see anything in the world but green money. Victoria brought up her clipboard, but Dr. Winchester spoke.

"Sven McGregor is the one in the Spartan, the Master Chief as we call him; he awoke from suspended animation three days ago and is quite the fighter." He began, glancing every once in awhile to the clipboard.

"Is he the one who killed the Slicer 'n Dicers in London-02?" Someone in the group of businessmen asked.

"Yes." Fred answered. There were mumbles and whispers among the businessmen and soldiers. Rykov, however, seemed interested.

"Then there is Shinji Ikariâ€¦whoâ€¦is the son of Gendo Ikari, and the holder of the Eva-01 armor." Dr. Winchester went on.

"But Commander Ikari is in Japan, taking control of the Committee building there, along with the Evas there too." Kingsley stated. "Why is his son here?"

"He told us to take him, and we did." Dr. Winchester replied. "Now then, we come to Ray, Eva-00â€|"

"Go on." Kingsley said. Dr. Winchester wet his lips nervously.

"Weâ€|we don't have any files on Ray, theyâ€|they seemed to have been erasedâ€|completely." Dr. Winchester said.

"Yes, date of birth, parents, relatives, everything." Fred added.

"I see. Now if the world weren't in such a predicament and depending on each other I'd say that Ray might be some sort of spy." Kingsley growled.

"We can assure you she isn't sir." Victoria said.

"And there's Alexis Langley Swans, Eva-02. She came from New York-02 and seemed quite confident in fighting the Abaters sir."

"That's what we need right? Confidence, hell, we're all out of it here." He leaned back in his chair. "So is that _all _of the children?" He asked. Fred, Victoria, and Dr. Winchester nodded. "Very well, that's all we need to know, you're free to go." As Dr. Winchester rose and the other two turned, Rykov stood up as well.

"I would like to see the Spartan for myself. Is that okay with you Doctor?" He asked. Winchester looked over his shoulder, and though mercenaries weren't always to be trusted as he was told, Rykov was a general, and a truthful person. He nodded.

"Very well, come along."

11. The Senior Chief

Chapter 16

Hallway

It was late at night, the Evas and Susan were asleep, but Sven, along with the Grunts Jukal and Yegil, walked down a hallway towards Susan's room. The Master Chief held a crudely cut-out heart which was folded in, so Susan had to open it to see his message, which was a short but sweet message, saying: _To Susan, Happy Valentine's Day. From Sven._ He hoped she liked it. The fact was, though he had grown smart through pulse waves to his brain, his childhood sincerity hadn't gone with his stolen life. Though he wasn't one to laugh and play around, nor was he ever for that matter, he still didn't quite understand just how people around him felt about this war, and his own feelings about things only made him more confused. Stopping at her door, he sighed, and looked down on his two Grunt friends for comfort. Yegil gave him a thumbs-up and Jukal nodded. Slowly clasping the knob, the Master Chief tried as quietly as possible to open it, but it was locked, and he cursed himself for not thinking about that earlier. So next, he bent down and stood on one knee, where he slid the Valentine under the door and slid it as far as he could, so Susan would notice it sooner.

Nodding to the Grunts, the Master Chief got to his feet and walked back to his room, and Yegil and Jukal went with him most of the way, until they split and went to their rooms. Sven opened his door and walked in, thinking about how great it was to have a friendship with the Grunts, and began to strip himself of his armor, until he was just in the black under armor. He fell into his bed, and fell asleep in seconds.

* * *

>The next morning, Susan's sapphire eyes slowly open, then fluttered to get out all the sleep. Yawning, she sat up in bed, and stretched out to get awake. That's when she noticed a little red heart on her floor. Pulling the blankets off of her, the princess dropped to the floor, to her knees, and picked up the heart, opening it and reading the inside. The words Love Sven made her heart melt, and she smiled.

"So that's why he leftâ€¦to get me a Valentineâ€¦" She thought. She held the card close to her. Quickly she got up and got her clothes, then went down to the showers.

* * *

>Sven was awake early, already had his shower, and was now getting his armor on. Snapping his helmet on, the last piece of armor, the Master Chief walked over and opened the door, to see Dr. Winchester and General Rykov there, the doctor was just about to knock the door. Sven nodded politely. <p>"Hello Dr. Winchester." He looked at Rykov, and nodded to him as well.<p>

"Good morning Master Chief, this is General Vassili Rykov, he is the mastermind behind the MJOLNIR armor series." Dr. Winchester said with a humble smile. "He's quite impressed to see it such a success."

"Pleasure to meet you General." The Master Chief said. Rykov nodded.

"And I am pleased to hear of your work and progress Master Chief, your name is Sven correct?" Rykov asked. The Master Chief nodded.

"Yes sir." He replied. Vassili Rykov was certainly a mysterious man, his past seemingly clouded by cover-ups and government scandals, though Sven really had a feeling this man was a great leader, it was obvious in his eyes. The general looked at Dr. Winchester.

"I do believe this would be a good time to tell you that the next child has come out of hibernation." Rykov stated. Sven was just about ask just how many people were Evas or Spartans when Dr. Winchester suddenly remembered something, and it was obvious with his sudden 'Hmm'.

"Sven, how would you like to get some breakfast?" He asked. Sven shook his head.

"No thank you sir, I am not hungry." The Spartan replied.

"Are you sure? Breakfast is the most important meal of the day." The

doctor went on.

"I'm sure; I just need to be alone for a bit." He nodded to Winchester, then to Rykov. "Doctor, General." And with that, he swiftly passed them to be alone.

* * *

>Standing alone in a room filled with historic photographs, Sven, with his helmet off and resting in one of his arms, stared blankly at the photos of the town he was nearly under, Fair Oaks, his home. He heard the doors behind him open, then close, but he didn't bother to quickly put his helmet on. Next came the sound of shoes tapping, approaching him, then came a soft lyrical voice. <p>"I thought I'd find you here." Sven turned and looked down on Susan, her golden hair still damp from her shower, and another magnificent pink dress on. She stood on her tiptoes and kissed Sven on the cheek, then stood back flat on her feet. "Thanks for the Valentine." Sven turned bright red, then smiled weakly.<p>

"You're welcome." He said and turned back toward the photos on the wall. The princess sensed something was bothering the Spartan.

"Is something wrong?" She asked. Sven, without uttering a sound, shook his head. "Are you sure?" She pressed on. Sven sighed, he found that he could not lie to Susan, then looked at her.

"Why me?" He asked. "Why not...one of the other millions of kids around the world?" He asked. Susan looked to her feet, unknowing just what to say, then looked back to Sven, smiling kindly.

"Maybe you're just more..._special _than the other children." She said. Sven smiled, believing her words, despite the obvious words that she forced out, and he looked back to the gallery.

* * *

>Shinji walked down a deserted hallway, his hands shoved down his pockets. However, something caught his eye, and he couldn't help but stop to take a look. He spotted Rykov, along with a boy his and the others' age, oddly with silver hair, pale skin, and like Ray, scarlet-colored eyes. Rykov stopped as well as the boy, they turned to each other and spoke, the boy looked rather friendly Shinji thought, but also mysterious. <p>"I want you to meet your counterpart Michel, his name is Sven McGregor, and is the bearer of the MJOLNIR-II armor." Rykov said. The boy, Michel Kreigler, nodded without hesitation. Losing interest sometime ago, upon learning that this Michel was no more than just another protector of Earth in this world, he continued to walk down the hall. "You there." Rykov said, stopping Shinji. The young man turned, Rykov and Michel approached him, Michel had a polite and friendly smile on his face.<p>

"Yesâ€|General?" Shinji asked, noticing the general stars on Rykov's outfit.

"Do you know where Sven is?" Rykov asked. Shinji thought for a moment, then replied.

"I think he went to the gallery room." Rykov nodded, followed by

Michel.

"Thank you." The boy said politely, turned, and made his way down the hall.

* * *

>Meanwhile, back with Sven and Susan, the Spartan snapped his helmet back on for no apparent reason. However, the silence was still over them. To spark a conversation, Susan smiled. <p>"You know, I've never actually been given a Valentine before, my maid used to tell me stories of when she was a child, and in her school boys and girls exchanged them, and..." She stopped when she thought Sven wasn't listening. The Master Chief looked at her.<p>

"And...?" He asked innocently. Susan smiled again.

"And then..." She began when suddenly the door opened and Michel walked in, only to pause in mid step at the sight of the two. Sven and Susan looked at him, both surprised by the newcomer.

"Did I bother you? Sorry if I did." Michel said, very politely. Susan and Sven connected eyes again and separated, when Sven turned to the new person, and shook his head.

"No, that's fine." He turned. Susan, standing beside him and holding the Valentine. Michel smiled.

"You must be Sven McGregor, my name is Michel Kreigler." Naturally, the two super-soldiers stepped forward and shook hands. Both Sven and Susan couldn't help but admire his humble appearance and kind introduction.

"Pleasure to meet you Michel; are you another one of the Evas?" Sven asked. Michel smiled as their hands separated and he replied.

"Certainly not, I am a part of the Spartan series, just as you are." Sven and Susan froze, and again Sven asked a question.

"You are?"

"Yes, of course I don't have the newest series like you do, I have the MJOLNIR-I model." Michel stated.

"Is that the one I had before?" Sven asked.

"No, that was just the MJOLNIR armor, the MJOLNIR-I series have similar distinctions between the MJOLNIR and MJOLNIR-II series." Michel said matter-of-factly. Sven nodded.

"Seems you know much of the armor we have." He said.

"Rykov taught me." Michel replied humbly. He looked over to Susan. "I don't believe I got your name Miss."

"I-I'm Susan. Princess Susan of England." She said and curtseyed.

"Never thought I'd be in the presence of Her Majesty in my whole

life, it's an honor to meet you." He said and returned her curtsey with a bow. Suddenly Sven jumped and listened carefully into his COM link, somehow Dr. Winchester was calling him.

"Helloâ€|? Hello, Sven?" _He said over the channel. The Master Chief looked up.

"Yes sir?" Sven said and snapped straighter. Michel and Susan looked at him curiously.

"I didn't want to say this over the alarm system, but it seems we've got some Abaters, true Abaters, rummaging through Fair Oaks, just a few miles away, I don't want everyone here to go mad for Abater forces being so close. We're sending you, Ray, and Michel out to take care of it; you have met Michel haven't you?" _He said quickly.

"Yes sir I have, we'll be there shortly." And with that, the COM channel turned off and Sven looked at Michel, whose hands were calmly put into his pockets. "We have to go." The Master Chief said.

"Go? What for?" Michel asked. The Master Chief glanced at Susan, who gave the same question in the way she looked.

"Abater forces are coming in too close to this base, you, Ray, and I are assigned to take them out." Sven said. Michel smiled calmly.

"Oh this will be fun; we'll get to know each other a bit better." He said. Sven and Susan were so alarmed by his calmness in the case of danger.

"Good luck." Susan said softly as the two walked to the door. The Master Chief looked over his shoulder to her, nodded, and walked through the door. As the two swiftly walked down the hallway, the Master Chief looked at Michel.

"Where's your armor?" He asked.

"I'll get it." Michel said with a smile. "Meet you there." The Master Chief watched him as he took off at an astounding speed and disappeared behind a corner.

"_Boy he's oddâ€|"_ He thought.

"Eva-00, Master Chief, Senior Chief, there you are, ready to launch?" Fred asked as he, Dr. Winchester, Sergeant Johnson, and Rykov met them in the Doctor's office.

"Sir, permission to dispatch with Hunters Hettu and Kicilar?" Sven asked, standing in the middle of the three, Michel at his right and Ray at his left.

"Permission granted." Fred said. "We'll bring them in via Pelican drop ships, in the meantime you three will have to wipe up as many as you can."

"Good luck men." Rykov said.

"That's right, and don't go half-ass either." Johnson retorted, mostly everyone was used to his cussing, jokes, and other habits he had by now.

"May I ask where 'Takimee is?" The Master Chief asked.

"He is off discussing to the Committee with Victoria. Master Chief; you will be in charge of this assault." Dr. Winchester replied. The others nodded, and dispatched to the surface, where they would use stealth to sneak into Fair Oaks and again use stealth to take out as many of the Abaters as they could before the Hunters were dropped in, it would be cake then.

****Okay, THIS time we'll see the actual Abaters, as well as the Jackals and Brutes. Michel is, if you don't know already or haven't seen the show, based off Kawuro Nagisa from Evangelion. I hope you who are reading this are enjoying it so far, and don't forget to drop in a little review!****

12. Abaters, Brutes, and Jackals Oh My!

****Okay, NOW we get to another battle, and NOW the real Abaters show up...hope you enjoy. ****

****Chapter 17****

Fair Oaks

Second level of former movie theatre

The two Spartans and Eva had found that the Abaters had a rather weak barrier, in which they could take out the Abaters that were unfortunate enough to wander alone and at a poorly patrolled area. After only a handful of Abater kills, the three were already downtown, where there was obviously the most movement and activity going on. The three stood in the second story of the old Legacy 3 Theatre, once great, but now run down and in ruin.

Ray, scanning the area below with her sniper rifle, acted mysteriously to Michel, and for some time Sven thought the two were so alike. Senior Chief, or Michel, held a new weapon to the army, a battle rifle, which was similar to the assault rifle, only it had a scope on the top, ideal for sniping from medium distances, and it could only fire three rounds with one pull of the trigger. Sven also had a sniper rifle, but had his SMG's strapped to his legs in holsters for quick attacks. The Master Chief walked up beside Eva-00 and raised his rifle beside hers, scanning the area as well.

"Anything?" He asked, just above a whisper.

"No." Ray said softly.

"Nothing back here." Michel added, who was looking through the ally behind the theatre and several other, smaller stores. The Master Chief sighed.

"Now we just wait here until Hettu and Kicilar show up. Do you know the plan?" He asked, looking at Ray. Her helmet nodded, then, in a whisper, she repeated the plan.

"When the Hunters arrive, you and Senior Chief will assault the

Abaters while I continue to snipe out retreating members." Sven nodded.

"Sorry if you wanted another position." He said and walked over to Michel. Seconds after he left, Ray softly said.

"That's okayâ€¦" Suddenly she snapped to and zoomed in on an Abater, patrolling the area, a few others of its kind were wandering around as well. Abaters reminded Ray of a Tyrannosaurus Rex, with their stout, powerful jaws, filled with massive teeth able to shred flesh and crunch bone. They had red scaly skin, with black stripes going down its snout, to the back of their head, and down their back. However, Abaters didn't possess tails, but did have double-jointed legs, like Elites, but instead of hooved feet, they had clawed toes, which weren't concealed by any boot of any kind. They also wore shimmering black armor, like the spec ops Elites the Evas and Spartans had heard of so much. Small yellow eyes with thin slits for pupils were often commented as being piercing, and frightening, to those who actually survive to tell of their appearance. Ray wondered who would win in a hand-to-hand fight, an Elite or an Abater? Both were quite evenly matched, Abaters and Elites possessed the same amount of strength, but the Elites probably had more speed, while the Abaters more than likely had more stamina, which was already a lot with the Elites.

"Master Chief, here comes your backup." Drop pilot Foehammer said over the COM channel. Foehammer was an expert drop pilot, and was known in the army for being able to get injured soldiers out of battle quickly and safely.

"Good, drop them in front of the theatre." Sven replied into the link.

"Can do." Foehammer said and suddenly the roar of a Pelican drop ship came in. Michel and Sven looked up to see the grey ship, able to seat ten soldiers in the back, with the two Hunters attached to its bottom fly over them.

"Let's move!" The Master Chief ordered to the Senior Chief, and turned to Eva-00, who was still busy with her assignment. He turned and jumped down the stairs Michel jumped down, his SMG's in each hand, he and the Senior Chief were ready for battle.

* * *

>Abaters were surprised by the landing of the two Hunters, but as Foehammer slowly and steadily landed so that Hettu and Kicilar could get off; they were practically huge targets, unless the Abaters didn't know to fire their weapons at their exposed torso. The two Hunters, now armed with a powerful fuel rod cannon on their right hand, and a massive, nearly impenetrable shield on their left, took the hits from the Abaters' plasma weapons with no effect at all, obviously the Abaters didn't know the Hunters' weakness. With a crunch of their armored boots, the Hunters landed, the spikes on their backs raised, giving them a frightening appearance, and they fired massive blobs of green plasma at the crowds of T-Rex-like aliens. Abaters howled in pain and surprise as several were thrown up into the air like rag dolls, many scorched and obliterated by the blasts. Ray fired four rounds from the sniper rifle before having to reload, but managed to hit four Abaters head-on, all four going down.

She reloaded and fired four more, again four Abaters went down.
<p>"Ambush!" An Abater with a scar across his left eye and down his snout roared; he was obviously the leader. As the Hunters continued to fire, and Foehammer took off back to the base, bullets began to fly and take down the numerous Abaters still standing. Kicilar turned and saw as the Master and Senior Chiefs appeared seemingly from nowhere and began to fight beside them.<p>

"Brother Sven, you're here, we were afraidâ€|" Kicilar began.

"Not now Brother, we must fight." Hettu said to the other Hunter and fired again. Every once in awhile, either Sven or Michel would stop their assault to reload, then they would fire again. Senior Chief had a bit of an advantage compared to the others, for he had a short to medium-ranged weapon, able to take down Abaters from a distance. The Abater leader, or Scar, glared at the Master Chief, the biggest threat to his army, and raised a sniper-like weapon up, an Abate Sniper, dangerous to both the user and the victim, for if it were to overheat, the one using it would be hurt as well. Locking onto the Master Chief, Scar fired. A strong, needle-like projection shot out, striking Sven's armor. His shields low, and quite shocked at the power of the Abate Sniper, the Master Chief looked up, and saw as Scar lowered to weapon, his yellow eyes meeting his.

"So you are the threat to the Abater army?" Scar smiled a toothy grin. "Some threat." Sven didn't reply, he simply loaded new clips into the SMG's, and fired at the Abater, only this time he walked toward the enemy, so that his power became increasingly stronger. Not moved at all as his men continued to fall to the Master Chief's firepower, Scar tossed the Abate Sniper away and withdrew dual plasma pistols, firing them at the Master Chief as well. From the theatre, Ray spotted the two approaching each other, and the Master Chief's shields flickering constantly. Her finger pulled the sniper's trigger and the bullet shot Scar, through his side, unfortunately a non-lethal shot too. Staggering back, with his dark blood spilling out, the Abater tapped a COM link of some sort on his wrist. "This is Scar, I'm injured, call for a retreat." He took another step back.

_"The Prophets say that your request is denied. You fight until you die." _The Master Chief also picked this up on his COM link, which made him figure that the Abaters weren't the most secretive when it came to talking over the link. The voice, a low voice that belonged to Tartarus, was low and quite powerful.

"Damn it Tartarus..." Scar muttered. He took a step back, clutching his side and wincing from the pain. "At least send reinforcements."

_"That I can do." _Tartarus replied and signed out. Scar looked up at the Master Chief, grinning a toothy smile, and took another step back. Sven turned to Michel, who killed an Abater that got too close with the butt of his battle rifle to its head.

"They're sending back up!" He exclaimed. The Senior Chief lowered his weapon.

"What? Really?" He asked. And before they, Ray, or the Hunters could question the other, a massive purple vehicle, called a Phantom, shot through the air and poured out several more beings, six in all. Sven

turned quickly with his weapons aimed and ready, and saw two new creatures to the Abater army. Three of the creatures were bird-like, one wore a helmet, but the others had beak-like features and large eyes, as well as some feather on their heads. Short but gangly, the birds, or Jackals as the humans called them, activated a large shield on their left wrist and pulled out a plasma pistol with their free hand. The others creatures were Brutes, large, muscular beings that looked like it had the bulk and strength of a rhino but with the similar appearance and hair to that of a gorilla. One held a massive hammer-like weapon, and wore a distinctive Mohawk, presumably the leader.

"Heh, you couldn't handle these things Scar? My Brutes and I shall tear them apart." Tartarus grunted.

"Brutes!" Kicilar growled. "And Jackals, traitors to the Covenant." Tartarus clutched the hammer in both hands, which still stood taller than him, an 8-foot tall beast!

"Say as you like Hunter, your kind are the ones who decided death, not ours." He said. The Master Chief looked up at the massive Tartarus standing before him and took a step back. The Brute chieftain chuckled. "You were having trouble with this?" He asked Scar. Scar grinned.

"No!" Suddenly a loud boom echoed throughout the area and Tartarus just narrowly missed a sniper round by Ray. "_That_ is what got me!" Tartarus glared up, seeing Eva-00, and motioned for his Jackals to attack. The Jackals turned to her, their glowing shields facing her as well, and they opened fire, green plasma shot up to the window. Ray, acting quickly, jumped away before a shower of plasma burned her. Meanwhile Tartarus turned to Sven, glaring at him with piercing red eyes, and swung his mighty hammer through the air. The other Brutes laughed as the hammer smashed into the Master Chief, and thanks to some advancement to the weapon, some sort of energy blast ignited when it collided and not only was Sven seriously hit by the hit alone, but the aftershock blast was enough to send him reeling, crashing into an old rusted car and again into an old building.

Sven suddenly found it hard to breathe, and he looked up weakly to see Tartarus charge at him, when a green blob fired from Hettu and struck the Brute, sending him reeling as well into one of his Brute comrades.

"Brother Sven, get up." Hettu said.

"I'll get him." Michel said and rushed to Sven, helping him to his feet. "You okay?" He asked kindly. The Master Chief nodded, reached for his SMG's, but found they were gone. "Here, take my battle rifle." Senior Chief said and handed the Master Chief the weapon.

"I can't accept this Senior Chief," Sven said weakly. "I'll fight that thing with my hands." He returned the rifle and turned to Tartarus, who tossed his fellow Brute away with anger and jumped to his feet, snarling. The Senior Chief backed away and fired at Tartarus, hoping to give Sven time to get ready. Tartarus, who was without his hammer now, merely grunted as the bullet clashed with his rough hide, only a few actually penetrated his skin, and he still hardly made any movement.

"Brutes, take them out." He ordered. But as the Brutes turned to the Spartans, they fell to the ground dead, sniper rounds through their heads. Tartarus turned, and found that his Jackals were dead as well, and that Eva-00 was back in her position. The Brute scowled, and glared at Scar, who was still struggling to remain conscience. "Scar, get your remaining men back into the Phantom, we're retreating." Scar pressed some sort of button on his wrist and the purple vehicle that brought Tartarus and his men down to begin with appeared once more. The Phantom, hovered down close to the ground, Scar, Tartarus, and the few remaining Abaters hurried to it, however Ray and Michel managed to take down an Abater or two before it escaped.

So that's the beginning battle with Tartarus, chieftain of the Brutes in hand, as well as Commander Scar of the Abaters. Now you'll notice how the battles shift more into the ones you see in Halo instead of Evangelion, **but if you're a fan of those fights don't worry, they'll be more every now and then. I hope you liked this chapter more than the other two, and please review.**

13. Mysterious Michel

Chapter 13

_Downtown Fair Oaks _

Ray joined Sven, Michel, Hettu, and Kicilar down on the streets, flooded with Abater, Jackal, and Brute bodies and pools of mixed blood. The Master Chief walked around for awhile, kicking bodies to make sure the threats had been neutralized. After some time of silence among everyone, Michel looked up.

"Weâ€|should go back, should we not?" He looked at everyone, wondering whether or not he asked a stupid question. Sven nodded.

"Yes." Ray replied softly. The Hunters agreed as well. The Master Chief activated the COM link, but no one answered.

"Perhaps they're at a meeting." He wondered to himself out loud.

* * *

><p>Committee Room

Dr. Winchester, General Rykov, Victoria, Fred, and 'Takimee stood side-by-side, beside 'Takimee stood beside a new Elite, one in black armor, a spec ops, whose name was Zuri 'Zukamee, new to the army and assigned to 'Takimee's team. As usual, the army and business members questioned them.

"Commander 'Takimee, what makes you feel like you can command such a powerful group of Evas and MJOLNIR holders, plus thisâ€|new member?" Kingsley asked. 'Takimee grunted, then replied.

"Because the Master Chief and Eva-01 have respect for me sir, which Eva-00 and 02 are more than likely to follow as well, Officer 'Zukamee here would be lucky to work with these beings sir, we will be the best team you can have." Mumbles and whispers filled the room, before another business man asked.

"What makes you think we can trust you? What if you and your kind take our Evas and MJOLNIR's and go to the Abaters?" 'Takimee glared at the business man.

"Are you calling me a liar?" He growled.

"N-no, it's justâ€¦" The business man stammered. 'Takimee had learned that because they never saw the light of battle, business men like the ones questioning them were easily spooked by soldiers.

"Elites do not betray their allies, unless their allies have betrayed them, we stick to our jobs until the end, we work with honor, skill, and determination." 'Takimee retorted.

"Of course, that's why we need you in this war." Kingsley announced with a boom. "Because if it weren't for you and your kind, this war would have been lost long ago."

"And do not forget of the Grunts and Hunters who gave their lives." 'Zukamee added. Kingsley scowled.

"Yesâ€¦" The large man reclined in his chair. 'Takimee looked at the officer and murmured.

"Please young 'Zukamee, let me talk." The Elite Commander looked back to the Committee.

"And Doctor, what of this battle you said the Master Chief, Senior Chief, and Eva-00 are in now?" Kingsley asked.

"Yes," Winchester replied. "They were dispatched to go neutralize an Abater squad in the ruins of nearby Fair Oaks." More whispers and mumbles filled the room.

"Are you saying the Abaters have found the base?" An army colonial asked.

"No, no, nothing to worry, they have no idea we're where we are, they surely would've attacked full force if they had." Dr. Winchester replied calmly.

"But you realize that now that you have attacked them, they will send reinforcements?" Kingsley questioned.

"We are sure of that, and we are confident that we can defeat them and drive them away." Rykov stated. The others, Victoria, Winchester, Fred, 'Takimee, and 'Zukamee glanced at each other, nervously, but Rykov was confident in his words.

* * *

><p>The Base

Thankfully Johnson managed to pick up Sven's message the second time and sent in a Pelican to pick them up. Foehammer piloted once more, with the Master Chief, Senior Chief, and Eva-00 riding in the back, the two Hunters were attached to the bottom again and the dropship took off.

Hettu and Kicilar went off to get some rest, eat, and get their armor cleaned while Ray went off to do whatever it is she does when no one is around. With a hiss of escaping air, Michel took off his helmet and put it by his side, a humble smile still spread from one ear to the other. He stood beside the Master Chief as they waited for the elevator to get to their floor.

"Well that was quite a fight." The Senior Chief said. He looked over to Sven, who merely nodded.

"Yes it was." He replied. The elevator seemed to take forever, making the silence all the more awkward. Suddenly Michel started up pleasant conversation.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" He asked. Sven was simply astounded, like him, Michel seemed so childlike, mentally, yet he didn't seem to lose his childlike sincerity either. Sven looked at Michel's red eyes through his visor, thinking back to his childhood, he spoke.

"Iâ€¦I can't rememberâ€¦" He said softly, looking back to the door.

"What do you mean you can't remember? What do you want to be?" Michel asked. Sven looked at him again, so confused. "I want to be an astronaut." Michel added, smiling kindly.

"You do realize that you're stuck as a protector of humanity?" Sven asked. Michel nodded.

"Yes, but when this war is over, I want to go to space, and meet those friendly aliens, maybe even go to the Grunt home world, I find them so funny you know. What about you?" He remarked. Sven was so amazed at Michel, how he could retain his childish dreams and thoughts, be the friendliest person one could ever meet, and still fight.

"Iâ€¦Iâ€¦" He began.

"Hmmâ€¦?" Michel urged.

"I'm not sureâ€¦Iâ€¦I think I wanted to be a..." His mind was drawing an absolute blank.

"Come on, I won't laugh." Michel said kindly. Sven looked at his boots, rubbing the back of his helmet with his hands as he frantically tried to remember what fascinated him as a child.

"I...don't know." He said. The Spartan nearly felt ashamed of himself, he wasn't sure why. He looked over to see Michel's expression, expecting a frown or confused look. However, the young man beside him wasn't frowning at all, he was still smiling kindly.

"It's alright, you can tell me when you remember." He said and looked up to the floor level, where _-50_ glowed, the floor they wanted. The doors slid open and the two walked out. Sven walked a bit behind the Senior Chief, not believing what just happened. Here they were, both meant to fight and kill, and Michel is talking about his dreams, and

then encouraging him to find what he wanted to do. The two walked down an empty hallway, Sven didn't know where they were going, he was merely following Michel.

"Where are we?" Sven asked.

"We're on my level, if you wouldn't mind, I'm going to change out of my armor. Are you?" Michel asked and looked over his shoulder. Sven shook his head.

"I prefer to be in my armor." He and Michel stopped at the silver-haired boy's door. Michel opened his door.

"As you wish, I'll be right out." He turned to the Master Chief. "What do you want to do after this?" He asked. Sven thought for a moment.

"I was planning on seeing Susan, butâ€¦"

"Splendid, she's nice; we can talk about our fight with the Abaters." Michel said and walked into his room, closing the door after him.

"Splendid, she's nice; we can talk about our fight with the Abaters." _Echoed in the Master Chief's head as he crossed his arms and leaned up against the wall by Michel's door. There was a long silence, then Sven heard footsteps down the hall. He looked up from the floor and where he heard the footsteps. He saw someone, reading a note, walking blindly around, obviously lost. Sven unfolded his arms and stood straighter, then took a few steps towards the person.

"Are you lost?" He asked. The person looked up, quite frightened to see Sven in the bulky armor. She had sapphire blue eyes, with dark short hair, which fell just barely to her shoulders, and a blue skirt, her shirt however was white. She nodded.

"Y-yes I am. I'm looking for my grandfather, do you know him?" She replied and handed Sven the piece of paper. It read

_"Dearest Granddaughter Amy, _

_I'd like for you to see me once you finish school at Chicago-02, you'll love it here, with a lot of people your age who would love to meet you. If you get lost after the Pelican pilot drops you off, please ask for directions to my office. _

_Sincerely, _

_Grandfather" _

"Who is your grandfather?" Sven asked. The girl, Amy, took the note when Sven returned it to her, and replied.

"Herman Winchester, you know him don't you?" The Master Chief stood silent for a moment. Dr. Winchester was this girl's grandfather? Dr. Winchester had a family? Why hadn't he ever spoken of them? These thoughts were interrupted when Michel walked out of his room and looked down the hall, to the two. Somehow the Senior Chief was quite quick to change clothes, it took the Master Chief at least ten minutes to change out of his armor.

"Hey." He said and walked toward them, his hands stuck into his black

pants. With his pants and fine shoes, Michel also wore a dress-shirt with the collar perfectly set. "Hello." He said kindly to Amy. Amy returned the hello with a nod; it was obvious that she was the shy type.

"We're going to escort her to Dr. Winchester." The Master Chief said to the Senior Chief.

"Okay." Michel said politely.

* * *

><p>Dr. Winchester's Office

Dr. Winchester sighed and sat down in his chair. Victoria and Fred stood side-by-side before his desk, Victoria holding a clipboard in her hands, writing down something while she herself sighed as well.

"Do those Committee members ever cut us any slack?" She muttered loud enough for the others to hear. Fred straightened a few papers on Dr. Winchester's overcrowded desk as a small favor and set them back on the desk, before clasping his hands behind his back. In fact, Winchester's office had been in ruin ever since the Committee began to take more control of them, it was stressful on him, before he and the others worked so well and efficiently without the Committee, but Kingsley was so critical of everything they did, about how Ray and Michel's data had been erased, how they shouldn't obliterate the Abaters unless absolutely necessary, so that they could learn more of the invaders' powers and their anatomy. Dr. Winchester was all for learning more about extraterrestrial beings and their structure, but if it meant that more careful means of killing them, that would no doubt get the Evas and Spartans killed. Meanwhile, outside of the office, 'Takimee, 'Zukamee, and Rykov were in their own little meeting.

"Do you think the Abaters have indeed found the base?" Rykov asked. 'Takimee grunted and shook his head.

"Surely not, for if they had, they would have attacked us by now." The Elite replied. 'Zukamee, with his hands clasped behind his back, asked.

"When do I meet with this Master Chief and Eva members?" He looked from the Russian general to his mentor and spec ops commander.

"Now, now, do not be hasty young Elite, you will meet them." 'Takimee said.

"After the Master Chief is finished with his current mission." Rykov added. No sooner had the Iron Bear leader said this when the Master Chief, Michel, and Amy turned the corner toward them. "Ah, here they are, withâ€|who is this?" Rykov cocked an eyebrow suspiciously. 'Takimee turned to greet Sven with a humble clack of his mandibles; he never really met Michel or Amy.

"I am pleased to take it you accomplished your mission?" He asked Sven. The Master Chief hesitated, but nodded.

"Yes sir." He said. 'Takimee smiled, which was odd to see mandibles

smirk.

"Good work." He said.

"Wellâ€¦except a few escaped." The Master Chief added. "I heard two of their namesâ€¦Tartarus and Scar sir." 'Takimee's eyes narrowed. A low grumble came from deep in the Elite's throat.

"Tartarusâ€¦traitor to the Covenant, I knew the Brute personally. I remember that when he betrayed the Elite, Grunts, and Hunters, he-" The Elite began.

"Stories can be told later, who is this?" Rykov asked, motioning toward Amy. Michel, with his hands still in his pockets, replied.

"This is Amy Winchester General; she says she's the granddaughter of Dr. Winchester." 'Takimee nodded and stepped forward.

"He has spoken about her arrival; I did not know it would be so soon. Please Miss, this way." The spec ops commander knocked on Winchester's door before opening it for Amy, who walked in nervously, simply because Victoria and Fred were there. The Master Chief looked over to the spec ops Elite, 'Zukamee, who looked back over to him and gave him a nod, and a clack of his mandibles in acknowledgement. 'Takimee noticed they saw each other, and while Amy and Winchester were busy hugging and telling each other of what had happened in the past year, he turned to them.

"Master Chief, Senior Chief, this is Zuri 'Zukamee, the son of a deceased friend of mine, he will be working alongside with you." He said.

"'Takimee has told me much about you." 'Zukamee said and nodded his head, this time in more of a bow-like form. "I am honored to work with you." Sven merely nodded in respond, while Michel smiled enthusiastically, making 'Zukamee feel a little better about joining.

"I'm sorry if you got lost; I moved my office since last time you came. Who helped you here?" Dr. Winchester asked Amy. The dark-haired girl turned around and pointed over to Sven and Michel.

"Those two, I don't know their names though." Dr. Winchester craned his neck to see, but smiled when he saw the two. He waved them over.

"Sven, Michel, come here." Upon 'Takimee moving to the side to let them through, the two walked in, standing side-by-side before Winchester and his granddaughter. Michel stood with his hands in his pockets still, while Sven stood straight up with his hands at his sides, his hand shot up to a crisp salute, Michel followed suit, though not as formal as Sven, if he had been in the MJOLNIR armor it would have been. "At ease you two." Winchester said. "Amy, do you know who these two are?" Amy thought for a moment, but shook her head. Fred stepped forward, standing beside her, his face towards the two and a slight grin of pride upon his face.

"These two Miss Winchester are the Master Chief and Senior Chief,

Spartan soldiers one and two." Amy looked from Fred over to Dr. Winchester.

"So what does that mean?" She asked. The Master Chief noticed Michel looking at him, so he turned his head slightly towards him.

"Is she that blind?" He asked softly, yet a smile still on his face. The Master Chief was a bit surprised, the first time he saw Michel insult someone, though he was more than sure it was merely teasing. Dr. Winchester set his hand gently on Amy's shoulder, and tried to find the words to say.

"Well Amy—these two, the Master Chief and Senior Chief, are helping to fight the Abaters." These were all that he needed to say before Amy gasped softly and looked to the two.

"Is this true? Do you fight those bugs?" She asked. The Master and Senior Chiefs nodded. "That is so exciting, have you fought any of those awful monsters Grandfather says they send out?" But before the two could answer, Dr. Winchester stepped in.

"I'm sorry dear, but these two must obviously be tired from their mission. You can ask them another time." Amy looked back to the two Spartans and nodded.

"Alright, I apologize for asking you that." She turned to her grandfather. "May I see the others Grandfather? The Evas you wrote me so much about?" Dr. Winchester smiled.

"Of course, I'm sure Alexis would be glad to meet you." He looked to Victoria. "Victoria, would you like to escort Amy to the recreation room?" Victoria, who was relieved to not do any more annoying work for now, nodded immediately.

"Yes Doctor, come along Amy." Before the two girls left, Michel and Sven slipped out, walking side-by-side again down the hall.

"What is it we should do now?" Michel asked.

"Well—I was going to see Susan." The Master Chief stated.

"Very well, what time is it?" Michel asked next. The Master Chief looked at a clock they passed and turned back to his acquaintance.

"It's 7:43." With his enhanced vision, the Master Chief could easily read the clock from afar. Michel smiled pleasantly.

"Wonderful, we can watch the sunset." He looked up to the Chief with his eyes, scarlet yes, but they were still quite gentle and relaxing to look into. "Would you and her Majesty like to come with me to the surface?"

"We can't go to the surface; the threat of Abaters finding us would be too great." Sven said. The two stopped at the elevator and walked in once the doors slid open, and closed behind them.

"I suppose—but tell me, have you ever looked into a setting sun?" Michel asked. Sven shook his head. "I remember as far back as I can that I've always made time to see a sunset." The Master Chief stood

silent for some time, waiting for the elevator to reach from level -50 to -10, before asking.

"What was your family like? Are they still alive?" For once in his entire life, Sven felt like he had asked the worst question that could possibly be asked, for Michel's face, which was normally kind and with a smile, was frightened, hurt, and sad now.

"Iâ€¦I can't rememberâ€¦" He said softly. Quickly he shook his head to wipe away the sadness, and looked at Sven, forcing his kind smile. "And you? Are your siblings still around?" The Master Chief shook his head.

"No, they were killed in an Abater attack, while I was...asleep." Sven and Michel stood silent for what seemed like the longest time.

"I guess that's one more thing we have in common." Michel said, perking up. The elevator stopped at level -25, just where Sven needed to go. The doors opened and he walked out. He turned to see if Michel was coming, but he was not. He stood there, hands in his pockets, smiling.

"Coming?" The Master Chief asked.

"No thanks, I'll see you around, my friend." And with the word 'friend', the doors shut. Sven stood still and silent for a long time, he never had many friends as a child, and you could call Shinji a friend, but they didn't know each other that well, he actually felt bad to leave Michel, his only friend, Susan was a friend sure, but not in the same case as Sven and Michel, they shared many interests, bred to fight, and still had pleasant conversations that made the Master Chief feel like he had a true friend. Finally he turned and walked down the long hallway.

* * *

><p>Susan's Bedroom

His heart thumping, the Master Chief approached Susan's room, and slowly, gently, knocked on her door. He wasn't quite sure what was happening to him lately, thoughts of Susan or even the mention of her name made his heart jump. Before his mind could drift off into his own little world, Sven snapped to again. After some time of silence, he heard movement and the door opened, to the face of the Princess of England herself.

"Sven!" She shouted in joy. Before he could utter a hello or any sound, her small, soft hands shot out and grab his, pulling him into the room and closing the door. Looking around, all Sven saw was her bed, neatly made, and a desk with a lamp on it, lighting a notebook. The chair was pushed in and it was obvious that Susan was writing there before he came. The Master Chief didn't notice, but the princess had locked the door behind her before approaching him. "Soâ€¦how was it?" She asked.

"It wasâ€¦rough." Sven replied, trying to find the right words to say. Susan, who smiled kindly, looked up at him.

"Could you take off your helmet please?" She asked. Sven hesitated,

but did as he was told and snapped off his helmet, showing his icy blue eyes, dark hair, which had been trimmed a bit, and pale skin. A moment passed with Sven and Susan staring each other eye to eye, though it seemed that Sven was the only one nervous about anything. "So um...what exactly do friends do?" Susan asked. Sven paused in thought for awhile, looking up, he replied.

"I'm not quite sure..." Susan brought a hand up and touched her cheek lightly with a finger, thinking.

"I'm not sure what to do...there's not a lot of things to do." She took her hands to her sides again, smiling brightly at Sven. "I'm sure we're find something to do, right Sven? Since we're friends and that's what we do, right?" She asked. Sven suddenly felt something inside shatter, he didn't know why, he suddenly felt sad, again, he didn't know why. He nodded.

"Right." He said. Suddenly something passed his mind. "We could go see the sunset." Susan blinked once, before smiling again.

"Sure Sven." She said joyfully.

* * *

><p>On the Surface

Sitting on a log, Michel gazed up into the sky, the clouds overhead were violet and the sun cast the sky into an orange heaven. Thankfully there had been several entrances from the base to the surface by walking up stairs, which had to be reached by an elevator of course. The silver-haired boy ran his long pale fingers through his thick hair and leaned back, enjoying every moment of the sunset. As the sun began to come to the horizon, Michel began to pay more attention to it, careful not to look directly into it of course. Though the once rich soil and green hills of Fair Oaks, Kansas was dead now, just dotted with boulders and old logs from dead trees, the Senior Chief found this all peaceful. His peace was broken when he heard heavy footsteps coming from behind him. Looking over his shoulder, he saw it was Sven and Susan, he smiled brightly. Sven had his helmet back on.

"Good evening Sven and Princess, come to see this beautiful sunset?" He asked.

"Yes we have, hope you wouldn't mind." Sven replied. Susan glanced at him, usually he just nodded when he agreed, but using words to express himself to someone other than her was odd.

"Not at all, please, sit." Michel said and slid down the log to the end, so that the Master Chief and Susan could join him. Sitting down, Susan quickly rested her head on Sven's shoulder, gazing into the romantic sky.

"Too bad the others couldn't see this." The Master Chief said, looking up.

"There's always tomorrow." Michel replied. He looked over to the princess, smiling politely. "So how is her Majesty?" He asked. Susan, who was still quite alarmed at the kindness and consideration from someone bred to fight, took a moment to answer.

"I'm fine, thank you. So I take it that you and Sven areâ€¦friends?" She asked, looking up into the Master Chief's blank visor. Michel smiled.

"Yes of course." Again the three looked up at the setting sky. "You know, to many, the heavens are their gateway to peace and salvation. That makes me wonder, whether there is a God, or some other deity, or whether...we sadly just rot in the ground after we die." He kicked a small pebble at his feet. He looked up again. "It makes you think doesn't it, that many cultures, the Mayans, Aztecs, Egyptians, were all influenced with beings coming 'from the heavens', and now look at those coming from the heavens, trying to kill us." He looked away. "Some would call it the apocalypse.

"If God does exist, he'll watch over us, we'll win this war with him." Susan said, and nestled her head along the Master Chief's armored shoulder. Sven was about to speak about his opinion, his family had never really been very religious, his parents were Roman Catholics, but the only time they had ever gone to church was Christmas Eve, with all the other McGregors. The other members of his family were quite religious, but Sven, he had never really believed in God, but he kept quiet about it, for fear that his own family would reject him. He broke away from his thoughts when he felt Susan's hand tighten in his. He looked over to her, smiling serenely up at him. "Are you alright?" She asked. The Master Chief nodded.

"Yes."

* * *

>Ray was walking throughout the base, mysteriously tending to her business and thoughts. Suddenly she heard an Elite's heavy footstep from behind her draw closer. She turned and saw 'Zukamee, who smiled politely with his mandibles. <p>"Hello Eva Unit 00. My name is Zuri 'Zukamee" He said politely. Ray, who had never seen this black-armored Elite before in her life, said nothing. Instead she just stared at the Elite blankly with her red eyes. 'Zukamee spoke again. "Commander 'Takimee told me I was to work with you, Eva 02 and 01, and the Master and Senior Chiefs." He said. Ray continued to stare blankly.<p>

"Yes?" She said in a whisper. 'Zukamee was rather surprised. 'Takimee had told him Ray was odd, but this girl just gave him, an Elite, the shivers.

"I-I just thought I would like to introduce myself." 'Zukamee said.

"Well now you have." Ray whispered and turned to walk away again.

"Hey wait." 'Zukamee said. Ray paused and turned around once more. "Do you know where the Master Chief is? I've been looking around here for some time but I can't find him." Ray thought for a moment, but replied.

"No I have not." She turned around again but was surprised by the simplest of words.

"Okay, thank you Ray, I'll go look around somewhere else. It's a pleasure to meet you." As he turned around, Ray turned towards him, watching him walk away. He was quite oblivious to her constant stare.

"Thank youâ€¦ words of gratitudeâ€¦ appreciationâ€¦ words no one have ever said to meâ€¦" _Even her thoughts were soft and difficult to hear. Slowly, she turned around and walked off.

* * *

>"What do you mean that big green tin can is better than me?!" Alexis exclaimed. She and Shinji were in the recreation room, playing an awkward game of checkers at the table area, in which whenever Alexis jumped one of Shinji's checkers she would make it seem she was much more superior to him, and the others. <p>"I just said that he endured a lot since waking up andâ€¦" Shinji began, but Alexis broke him off.<p>

"So you think you're better than me too huh? I bet." She snapped.

"I didn't say anything like that, we're all the same here, it's justâ€¦"

"Excuse me." 'Zukamee said as he walked in. Shinji sighed.

"I can never finish my sentences." He mumbled. 'Zukamee bowed his head a bit.

"I apologize for interrupting yourâ€¦ discussion, but I am looking for the Master Chief." He said politely. Alexis's face flushed in anger.

"Oh, so everyone thinks he's so great, why is so great?" She snapped. "And just who are you? 'Takimee should've told us about you." 'Zukamee's eyes widened, then he smiled.

"I am truly sorry; I guess I have forgotten to introduce myself haven't I? My name is Officer Zuri 'Zukamee, and 'Takimee has assigned me to work alongside you and rest of your team." He smiled again bowed his head once more. Shinji smiled faintly and returned the Elite's gesture, but Alexis crossed her arms.

"Why do you want to find the tin can?" Alexis asked. She smiled and shook her head, showing off her long red hair as it flew back and forth. "Hasn't 'Takimee told you about me?"

"Eva Unit 02 yes." 'Zukamee replied.

"Andâ€¦?" Alexis asked. "What else did he tell you about me?" She smiled as he thought. The Elite stroked his lower mandibles with his clawed fingers.

"Oh yes, he said your temper is just like your hair, fiery." He said politely and smiled. Alexis's eyes widened as Shinji snickered to himself.

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Alexis snapped. 'Zukamee smiled wider.

"I guess he was right." He chuckled. The redhead grumbled to herself, then spat out.

"I don't know where the tin can is."

"Neither do I." Shinji said.

"Alright, thank you." He said, bowed his head again, and walked out, smiling.

* * *

>The sun had set and Michel, Sven, and Susan stared up at the stars now, still talking about the sky and several other topics. The sky above them was far different than what Susan was used to back home. There, she never saw the stars because of all the city lights, but now, the sky above them was littered with small little white dots. Michel looked at Sven and Susan. <p>"So your majesty, what is it that brings you to this place?" He asked.<p>

"Well, they said I'm safe here." Susan replied, nestling her head on the Master Chief's shoulder. "And please Michel, call me Susan."

"Very well, Susan." Michel said and looked back up to the skies. "Sven, how is your wound?"

"Wound?" Susan asked, looking up to Sven's emotionless visor. The Master Chief stared blankly as well.

"The hit you endured from that Brute?" Michel added. Sven nodded.

"Oh, it's fine, thank you." He said. Michel looked back up to the full moon.

"I think it is time I head to my cabin." He looked at the others. "Don't you think so?"

"What time is it?" The Master Chief asked. Susan shrugged.

"We've been out here for some time." She said. Michel smiled wider.

"Time sure does fly when you're with the best of friends." He stood up and shoved his hands into his pockets. "Would you two like to walk together?" He asked.

"Sure." Sven said and nodded, Susan nodded as well. They stood up and walked back to the base.

Sorry about the super long chapter, I just didn't want to chop this up into two or three chapters and make you action-oholics mad, haha. I guess in a way you could call this your Christmas gift, haha. Well, I do hope you reading this are enjoying the story and please don't forget to review. Thanks and Happy Holidays everyone!

****Chapter 14****

_Michel's Cabin _

"Well it was a pleasure to watch the stars and sunset with you two." Michel said as he opened the door to his room. Susan smiled, while holding the Master Chief's hand.

"I hope we can do it again sometime." She said.

"I do too, well, goodnight my friends." Michel said, waved goodbye, and closed his door. His armor laid on the floor next to the wall opposite of his bed and beside his desk. It was set on the floor in perfect position, so it actually looked as if it were Michel on the floor, lying there, motionless. The silver-haired young man didn't bother to dress up in any pajamas or night clothes of any sort; instead, he merely took his shoes off and laid down in bed. After pulling the covers up to his shoulders, Michel spent some time staring at the ceiling, his kind, yet mysterious gaze were locked on the ceiling; so many thoughts were in his head.

_"Svenâ€|he's my friendâ€|Susanâ€|she's my friendâ€|Rayâ€|she's my friendâ€|I like friendsâ€|'Zukameeâ€|I want to be his friendâ€|Amyâ€|I want to be her friendâ€|I wish I had more friendsâ€|Winchesterâ€|I look up to himâ€|Rykovâ€|I look up to him as wellâ€|" _And he continued to think about everyone he had met since reawakening. _"My motherâ€|my fatherâ€|" _His smile faded. _"Why can't I remember youâ€|?" _As he pondered this question, and thought deeply about why he couldn't remember anything before he was reawakened, it made him feel something odd to him. Was it grief? Before too long, Michel felt his eyes grow heavy. His first feeling of being in twilight was soâ€|relaxing to him; he was neither asleep nor awake, until he could hold on no longer and fell into slumber.

* * *

>The Master Chief had walked Susan to her bedroom, said goodnight, and walked to his cabin. Despite his bulky armor, he moved without a sound, not even meaning to as well. This allowed him to slip unseen or hear past 'Zukamee, who still scouted the hallways for the Spartan. As the Elite walked around, now in circles, he pulled off his helmet and scratched the back of his head. With a dissapointed grunt, 'Zukamee placed his helmet back atop his head and looked around a few more minutes. <p>"I've been searching for over an hour. He must be somewhere." He thought. _"Is he with the doctor? Is he with the Senior Chief? At the shooting range?" _His swift pace slowed down to a peaceful walk. _"Perhaps I should just wait until tomorrow to speak to him. I should get some rest." _And with that, he walked slowly back to his cabin. His heavy boots clomped along the floor as the Elite began to wonder...just where _was_ his room? "Just what I need..." He muttered to himself out loud. Suddenly he saw a man in a black suit come from another hallway. 'Zukamee stood up straighter before passing, both Fred and the Elite gave each other nods of acknowledgement upon seeing each other, then they passed. Scratching his lower mandibles, 'Zukamee replayed the numbered room 'Takimee told him. _641...641..._he played over and over in his mind like a broken record.

He stopped to grin at the number on the door he spotted

closest.

"Ah, 629, that must mean I go..." He walked swiftly down the shortening hallway, door numbers flashing at him as he passed. "638...639...640..." He grinned proudly when he came to the last door in the hallway, before his eyes widened and his mandibles dropped. '**Boiler Room' **was the only sign on the door he was supposed to stay in. "Ah...damn it..." He muttered as he lowered his head.

* * *

>"This isn't a daycare Mrs. Myer." Fred grumbled as he walked into Victoria's office, which was absolutely in chaos, papers piled high in a messy manner, sticky notes posted up on the walls, her desk, and on her computer screen. She was writing more reminder notes to herself as her son, four year-old Caleb Myer, stared out from his mother's office view of the armor and weapons testing room. There was 'Zukamee's former training instructor, a gold-armored Elite, the highest rank a warrior in their culture could get, testing his plasma sword on hanging dummies, slicing them in half with ease. Sand from the dummies spilled on the floor as the Elite, Faro 'Fortamee, used skill, agility, and grace to slice every single dummy apart perfectly. A Grunt stood by the door with a bottle of nourishment for the Elite after he was done. Victoria looked up and over her shoulder at Fred. <p>"Oh, I forgot to tell the doctor, but my son is staying with me until my husband can find a better place for him to live."<p>

"Why can't he come here?" Fred asked.

"He wants to get everything he can out of life while he can, besides, he finds this place depressing." Victoria replied.

"I bet he calls you a mole huh?" Fred asked with a smile. Victoria, to answer yes, snapped her fingers, without looking away from her paper. "So when was the last time you saw him?" The man asked.

"Hmme€|it's been about two months now, he and Caleb were living the new San Francisco area, but after I called him and told him about the Abater attack, he got spooked and decided to ship Caleb out here." Victoria stated.

"All by himself?" Fred asked next. Victoria nodded.

"I'm neck-deep with paperwork Frederick, if you wouldn't mind; do you think you could watch Caleb for the next few days?" She looked over her shoulder with a smile, which was both pleasant and sly. Fred shot a glance over at Caleb, who was still fascinated by 'Fortamee downstairs.

"You know I'm in just as much work as you are. I have to leave first thing in the morning to go to Tokyo-03 and speak with Commander Ikari." Fred replied.

"Shinji's father?" Victoria asked.

"Yes, I've spoken to the man before, never says a word about his own son or family, just work, work, work." Fred crossed his arms and leaned up against the wall. "Do you think Susan or Amy could take

care of Caleb?" He asked. Victoria looked over at her son, then back to Fred.

"Yeah, probably, I would like for him to meet the Evas and Spartans though." She said.

* * *

>"Amy, you really should go to bed." Dr. Winchester said to his granddaughter while going over some Committee papers. Amy was sitting on one of the guest seat in front of her grandfather's desk, reading one of the books she brought with her. Looking up, Amy folded the tip of her page in the book, closed it, and sat her glasses on the book.
<p>"I know Grandpa, but I couldn't sleep when I tried. I'm so excited about meeting the Evas you told me so much about, and the Spartans I met were very friendly. Who was the one in the armor Grandpa?" She spoke breathlessly. Winchester looked up from his work, to Amy, and pushed his glasses up.<p>

"Oh, that's the Master Chief." He said.

"I know, you already told me that, but what's his name? Where's he from? Whatâ€|?" Amy asked so many questions. Winchester sighed, not proud of what he did to the Master Chief in the past.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to tell you his real name, no one outside of the Committee can speak of these super soldiers anymore, I really am sorry, and we received him fromâ€|a generous family." He lied. Amy looked rather shocked, to see her grandfather talk to her like this, to hide things from her. She nodded.

"Okay, thank you Grandpa, I'll try to sleep again." She stood up and stopped at the doorway. "Are you going to get some sleep?" She asked.

"Yes, yes, I'll try to fit a few good hours in, thank you dear." Winchester said and smiled kindly. Amy smiled back.

"Okay." And with that, she closed the office door and walked down the hall, thoughts plagued her with thinking of whom the Spartans really were, what the Evas were like, and whatnot.

* * *

><p>Flight deck

_"Please stay clear of the doors and landing bay." _A woman's voice said over the speakers and a Pelican landed in the landing bay. A Grunt jumped down from the cargo and soldier area in the back and turned around, to a mysterious being sitting as far back as he could.

"Right this way Sir." The Grunt said. The being stood up, in a hunched position, and walked out from inside of the Pelican, his metal feet clanked against the floor. The being was definitely a cyborg, having clawed, almost raptor-like feet, made of a metal that wasn't found on Earth, a ribcage of metal protected his fragile organs, and a skull-like helmet replaced his face, with his only visible organic parts were his eyes, which were yellow and had thin slits for pupils, and badly burnt, red skin around them, but then the

rest of the helmet came in, encasing the rest of his head. Wearing an old tattered cloak around him, the general walked beside his Grunt escort, giving off a look that one would have to compare him to the vampire Nosferatu. The doors to the base slid open, and Fred, with Caleb beside him, waited for the cyborg.

"Ah, Frederick MacDonald, we meet again." The general said. Fred smiled back, his sunglasses were on and he had his hand on Caleb's shoulder.

"General Grievous, what a great surprise, too bad I'm off to Tokyo right now." The cyborg, Grievous, nodded his respects to his old friend, then looked down on Caleb.

"I didn't know you had a child." He said, in his rather odd, low voice, which had a metallic tinge to it, and had a German accent as well.

"I don't, Victoria Myer wanted me to look over him until I left, so I suppose you wouldn't mind taking care of him for the night." Fred said with a sly grin. Grievous looked down on Caleb, who stared back up at him in awe.

"You know I don't likeâ€¦" He looked down on Caleb again. "You know."

"It won't be long, just take him to bed and tomorrow, you can ask either Amy Winchester or Princess Susan to take care of him." Fred replied.

"And how will I find these twoâ€¦?" Grievous asked. "And...Her Majesty is here too?!" Instead of answering his questions, Fred picked up his bag and walked off.

"Well, I have to be off. Good luck!" He got into the Pelican Grievous just got out of and the dropship took off. The general looked down on Caleb, who just stared back up at the giant.

"Well uhâ€¦" He looked over at his escort. "What do I do?" He asked. The Grunt shrugged. Grievous looked back at Caleb. "Uhâ€¦how about we get you to bed uhâ€¦kiddo."

"But I'm not tired." Caleb said. Grievous looked up at the clock, 10:43 PM, and he glared down on Caleb.

"It is past your bedtime little one." He growled.

"But I don't wanna go to bed." Caleb whined. The Grunt looked back and forth between Grievous and Caleb as they duked it out, Caleb was obviously winning. Feeling that he might be caught in this clash, the Grunt slowly and quietly slipped away.

"You will go to bed now!" Grievous boomed.

"But I don't wanna!" Caleb snapped. All of a sudden, Amy came around the corner, just about to her room, and she saw the Grunt slinking away from the raging cyborg and the raging child. She had met Caleb when he was three last time she came, so she knew who he was, but she had no idea who this general was. She walked toward them.

"Umâ€¦excuse me, but can I ask what is going on here?" She asked. Grievous and Caleb looked over at her, only Caleb smiled.

"Amy!" He cried and ran towards her. The young woman fell to her knees, scooped up the four year-old and stood back up. Caleb had his arms wrapped around her and nestled up against her shoulder.

"Shame on you, yelling at a mere child." She barked at Grievous. The general approached her, then glared into her own glare.

"You must realize my child; I am no good with children." He replied.

"But you can't just yell at a child." Amy snapped.

"He wouldn't go to bed." Grievous snapped back. Amy ignored his last comment and looked at Caleb.

"Caleb, I think it's time for you to go to bed." She said kindly. Caleb, as much as he didn't want to, looked up at Amy's pleasant and kind smile, and nodded.

"Okay Amy." He said. Amy looked back up to Grievous.

"You see? Kindness, that's all you need." She said.

"My sincerest apologies." Grievous said, with full mock seriousness. Amy glared at Grievous once more before walking past him and taking Caleb to his room, which was Victoria's room, but he slept in a smaller bed. Grievous glared at her as she went, and turned around. "What? Where is my worthless escort?" He said. He grumbled to himself and walked down the hallway on his own, seeking out Dr. Winchester.

* * *

>It was about 3:30 in the morning when Sven awoke. He looked about, his vision was used to the darkness surrounding him, so he could see the chalky white walls and ceiling, every tile on the floor under him, his helmet resting on the desk beside him, looking back at him with its golden visor. <p>Almost everything in the base was asleep by now, only a few scientists were about, a few Marines and Helljumpers were getting a midnight snack in the mess hall, which this late only had the pop-machines and snack venders open. Grievous had found Dr. Winchester's office, the man he came to this base and America to find and meet. He grumbled to himself in anger when he saw that the doctor was out, his office was dark and no one was inside. He was tempted to just go inside and sleep since he had nowhere else to sleep and he figured Winchester would find him there, but he suddenly heard footsteps from down the next hallway. He looked over his shoulder and saw Sven, walking down one hallway to the next.<p>

"You there." He said. "Halt." He quickly approached the Master Chief. Sven stopped and looked at the skeletal figure approaching him, quite puzzled at who it was. Grievous paused when he came up face-to-face with Sven, though he still stood a foot or so taller than the Spartan wearer. His eyes widened. "Master Chief," He bowed. "It is a pleasure; I have heard much of you in so short a time." He stood back up.

"Who are you?" The Master Chief asked.

"Me? Why, I am General Grievous. I was sent here from Germany to speak with Dr. Winchester." The Master Chief looked over to Winchester's office door, it was dark inside. Knowing the obvious, he looked at the cyborg.

"Did you find him?" He asked. Grievous shook his head.

"No I did not." He replied. "But might I interest you in something to drink?" He asked. The Master Chief shook his head.

"No thank you. You?" He said. Grievous burst out into laughter.

"No, no, I am a cyborg, I don't need food or water, the occasional rest, and that is it. But very well, then a walk, perhaps?" He said. This time, the Master Chief nodded. Grievous clasped his hands behind his back as he and Sven walked side-by-side down deserted hallways, lighted brightly to give its walls a light blue color.

"So are you're a cyborg?" The Master Chief asked, to break the silence, with the exception of Grievous's feet clacking against the tiled floor.

"Ah yes, you see, I am a member of a near extinct race known as Kaleesh." Grievous began.

"Like us." Sven said. Grievous chuckled again.

"Ha, ha, ha, well sort of, we are far more wiped out by the Abaters than you are. I was one on an escape ship to Earth, said to be the only planet in the universe with intelligent life that had not fallen to Abater hands. Of course, Elites, Grunts, and Hunters had their home worlds, but they dare not tell the location of their worlds, for fear of the information dropping into enemy hands. Moving along, my ship became under attack while it was under my command, the Abaters sent out some sort of insect called a Drone which got into our engines, and our ship exploded, none survived...except for me." Grievous said.

"So are you're the last?" Sven asked.

"Yes, it would be more appropriate to say that the Kaleesh are extinct, for I am a cyborg, therefore cannot help to breed more Kaleesh even if there were others remaining, I cannot even make a hybrid, the thought of which disgusts me." Grievous said. Sven chuckled.

"Heh, yeah."

"And so the German government took my dying body and forged it with an artificial body of nerve feeling and fluid motions, creating who you see before you. That was your human year of 2020, before the governments of the world united to become the Committee we all hate and fear." He said, with his last sentence spewed out in fury.

"The Committee?" Sven asked.

"I will tell you some other time." Grievous said mysteriously. To

change the subject, Grievous looked over at the Master Chief. "Do you know of a young human female with short black hair?"

"Oh, Amy, she's Winchester's granddaughter, I've only spoke to her indirectly." Sven replied. Grievous snarled out, obviously he disliked her.

"She is nothing but a brat if you ask me. Making me look like a fool when it comes to taking care of a mere child." His fists tightened in rage.

"Pardon?" The Master Chief asked.

"Nothing." Grievous replied. The cyborg took a deep breath and calmed himself. There was a moment of silence, except for their feet clanking on the floor, when Sven thought of something.

"General, do you have somewhere to sleep?" He asked. Grievous looked at him.

"No, why?"

"I uh...I'm finished with my rest tonight, you're more than welcome to stay in my cabin." Since he already looked up to this cyborg as a friend as well as a superior officer, the Master Chief couldn't help but assist Grievous. The cyborg smiled under his helmet.

"That would be excellent, my thanks to you Master Chief."

**So there's good 'ol Grievous for ya, it seems odd to have him NOT break out into random battles with a Spartan huh? At first he was going to be an Abater ally, but I scraped the idea since he does hold an important part of the story and sequels yet to come. **

15. Truth be Told

Chapter 15

_Susan's Cabin _

_The Master Chief dove away from a shower of plasma blasts as several Jackals and Abaters fired at him. Eva Units 00 through 02 were behind rusted down cars for cover and fired at the Brutes, Jackals, and Abaters firing plasma bolts right back at them. The Senior Chief ran out and pulled the Master Chief out of the line of fire, and into a well-sheltered old building in Fair Oaks. _

_"You alright?" Michel asked. _

_"Yeah I'm fine." Sven replied. _

"They're too many; they know where the base is." Michel said, looking through a gash in the concrete wall. Cries from the Abaters and Brutes, as well as the squawks from Jackals echoed throughout the battlefield.

_"That means they'll stop at nothing to get to itâ€¦!" Sven grumbled, taking a look to make sure his battle rifle was okay. Michel stared out at the army, spotting a familiar figure. _

_"Hmmâ€¦it appears that Tartarus is leading." The Senior Chief murmured. _

_"Good, I want to fight him again." Sven said, loading a fresh clip into his battle rifle. _

_"The doctor told us to hang back, the Evas are meant to hold them until they retreat, then we will go in." Michel said. _

_"I know, but Tartarus, what 'Takimee told us of him, how evil he is, and whatnot." Sven said. _

_"I know, but just relax for the time being." Michel said reassuringly. "You have someone to go back to the base for."
_

_"Yeah." Sven said and nodded, in a much happier tone than he ever said before while being in his armor. _

_"AHH!! MY ARM!!" Shinji cried as Michel witnessed in shock as Tartarus charged toward the Eva and smashed his hammer down on the boy, shattering Shinji's arm. _

_"Alright you big ape, I'm gonnaâ€¦!" Eva-02 snapped. But before Alexis could finish her threat or actually do it, Tartarus jammed the butt of his hammer deep into her gut, all air inside of her blasted out, even some blood poured out from her mouth as she was sent reeling at an tremendous speed through a rusted truck, through a concrete wall, and came to an abrupt halt when her head hit another concrete wall, this one stronger and thicker, Alexis fell limp to the floor and didn't move. Michel could not speak what he was seeing.
_

"What's going on?" Sven asked, standing up.

_Without so much as a clever comment or a threat, Ray attempted to fire at Tartarus with her sniper rifle. He struck his shoulder, blood spilled out and the Brute cried out in pain. His red eyes locked onto the Eva, then the Brute pulled from a holster on his back, what appeared to be a smaller version of his mighty hammer. With a growl, he tossed it the small hammer-like weapon as if it were a throwing axe, which struck Ray straight on her head, and the secondary sonic boom kicked in, sending Ray flying like Alexis, only she came to a skidding halt in front of Michel and Sven, their hiding place revealed. Tartarus stomped down on Shinji, killing him, then smiled at the MJOLNIR's. _

_"Master Chief, I've finally found you, and your other copy, excellent." He motioned for his troops to surround them. With nothing left to do, Sven dashed out. _

_"Chief wait!" Michel shouted, keeping his place, but Sven ran out, firing at Jackals, his bullets deflected off of their shields and striking other Abaters, Brutes, and Jackals. _

_"It's time to die!" Tartarus boomed as he brought up his original war hammer and with a mighty blow, struck the sharp butt of the hammer into Sven's stomach, like Alexis, only this time, it pierced through his armor and flesh with some difficulty, however, it did

give Tartarus the satisfactory crunch of armor and bone as the Master Chief's blood spilled everywhere, followed by the Brute's laughter. Being pulled off the hammer like a piece of meat on a shish kabob, Sven fell to the ground, his emotionless visor had his final look to witness Michel being killed by the Abater forces as well, before succumbing to death._

* * *

><p><p>

Susan, sweating and on the verge of crying, shot herself from her bed, breathing heavily and unable to regain calmness, then she realized, that it was only a dream. A dream that was all too real to her. She looked over and saw Sven was missing; it was 3:47 in the morning, so she began to worry.

"Was it real? Was my dream real?" She thought to herself, her eyes watery. _"Oh God please no."_ She pulled the covers off and jumped out of bed, hurrying to the door. Just as she opened the door, she saw Sven there, just about to walk in. Feeling like a boulder had been lifted off of her, she jumped up, wrapping her arms around him, and letting her tears pour out.

"Oh Sven, I'm so glad you're safe." She sighed.

"Umâ€|is something wrong?" Sven asked. Susan released her embrace to show Sven her teary-eyed expression.

"I had this horrible dream Sven, andâ€|andâ€|" She couldn't take it anymore and dug her face into Sven's chest plate, sobbing.

"Slow down now, what happened?" The Master Chief asked, closing the door and setting Susan and himself down in her bed. After some time of sniffing, sobbing, and crying, Susan managed to pull herself together, and looked back at Sven, once he removed his helmet once more.

"Iâ€|I had this dream Svenâ€|" She began.

"Alrightâ€|" Sven said. Susan sniffled again.

"Andâ€|and you along with the others were fighting Abatersâ€|" Susan went on. "Andâ€|" She wiped a tear away. "An Abater that looked like a gorilla, I think his name was Tartarus, killed you and the othersâ€|" She looked back up at Sven and cried again, and again she buried her face in his chest. Sven looked up.

"Tartarus? But how does sheâ€|? I never told her about him." He thought. He then looked down on Susan, smiling.

"I was just checking to see if you were okay...why don't you go back to bed? Everything will be alright."

* * *

>Shinji was awoken at about five in the morning when he heard an awful cough coming from across the hall in Sven's room, and he knew it wasn't Sven.<p><p>

_"What was that?" _He thought to himself.

Grievous was in Sven's cabin, fighting back another awful cough from coming up, but it only harmed him with a more painful cough. He got to his feet, which landed with a clack on the tiled floor, and he grabbed his cloak, wrapping it around his skeletal body. He opened the door and closed it, then walked down the hall. The fact was, that while he was being molded to the cybernetic body of his, Grievous's left lung collapsed, giving him a cough that would never go away, and often hurt his skills in battle. Shinji opened his door to see what was going on, but when he looked down the hall, Grievous was gone.

* * *

>Dr. Winchester yawned as he stuck his key into the knob of his office door, opened it, and turned the light on. He rubbed his bald head as his yawn died down and he closed the door behind him, ready to face more Committee papers. He only got about three hours of sleep, and he didn't feel as if he could face the Committee once again today. He yawned again as he slumped down into his chair, just then there was a knock on his door, followed by Victoria walking in.<p><p>

"Good morning Doctor." She said groggily. Finishing his current yawn, Winchester nodded.

"And good morning to you too, sleep well?" He asked. Victoria proceeded to her office, which was connected to Winchester, turning on the light, but staying in Winchester's office for a conversation. The doctor spun around in his desk and turned on the coffee maker.

"Eh, I had better." Victoria said. "I was so worried about Caleb until Amy brought him in."

"Well that was nice of her." Winchester replied. "Coffee?" He asked.

"Yes please." Victoria said with a nod. Winchester turned back around in his seat.

"How did little Caleb sleep?" He asked.

"Slept like a rock." Victoria said with a snicker. "I asked Amy if she could watch him today, she said yes."

"Ah." Winchester replied. Another knock came at his door. "Come in." He said. The knob twisted slowly and opened just as slowly, revealing the cyborg general.

"Dr. Winchester." Grievous said pleasantly. "_Now_ you're here." He chuckled a bit as he closed the door.

"Ah, General Grievous, please, take a seat." Dr. Winchester said and motioned for a seat in front of his desk. Grievous did so, tossing his cloak over his shoulder, which revealed his frightening and skeletal appearance. He sat down, crossing one leg with the other and clasping his hands together.

"So I assume your flight went A-okay?" Dr. Winchester asked. Grievous

smiled under his helmet.

"Ah but of course my old friend." He said. A moment of silence passed as Dr. Winchester took a second to look at what else he had to do with paperwork, while Victoria looked at the general with curious eyes.

"So, you're a cyborg?" She asked.

"Yes doctor, I am." Grievous said casually.

"With the leaving of Rykov Mrs. Myer, Grievous here had decided to fill him in, he and Rykov are old acquaintances you know." Dr. Winchester said. Victoria nodded. "Alright, down to business." He said, then sighed. "It appears as though the Abaters have caught on to our environment."

"How's that?" Victoria asked.

"They managed to use their harmful technology and damage your rather weak ozone layer and melt the Earth's icecaps." Grievous stated.

"Ah, so that's why most of the great harbor cities flooded, Miami, San Francisco, New York, Tokyo, Londonâ€|" Victoria said.

"And the list goes onâ€|" Grievous said wellâ€|grievously.

"And you said the Abaters can live greatly in hot climates didn't you General?" Winchester said. Grievous nodded.

"Yes, my kind came from a 'desert world' as one could state it. They thrive in it." The Kaleesh general said. "There isn't much time now."

"I don't understand, where are you two going with this?" Victoria asked. The general and doctor looked at her.

"It means that if the Abaters manage to further global warming more than it already is, and the sudden change in temperature cause even more flooding, severe storms, drought, and famine, it will mean the Abaters have won, we won't be able to fight them." Winchester said gravely.

"Butâ€|won't the Elite, Grunts, and Hunters leave?" Victoria asked. "Wouldn't they take us along?"

"Yes, they would leave, to prepare their people for war, but they would only bring the best, the brightest, and the most powerful this planet has." Grievous stated. Victoria glared at the cyborg.

"So is that why the Committee doesn't give a shit?! Because they have a one way ticket to a safe world!" She snapped. Both Winchester and Grievous nodded. "And you Grievous, do you have a seat in this little joyride to safety?"

"Actually doctor no, I have decided to stay here and lead the Evas and Spartans with the likes of Commander 'Takimee, who has also decided to stay until Earth is just a smoldering rock." The cyborg replied calmly. Victoria, quite taken back by the cyborg's sense of

honor and duty, didn't respond.

"And in exchange for Grievous and my tickets doctor, we've arranged for you and your family to coexist with the Elites when the time comes." Winchester said.

"What, you're not coming?" Victoria asked.

"Yes well, you see, I did manage for my granddaughter to ride with you, and the princess and her parents will be coming as well." Winchester said, completely on another track.

"No, what about you? We'll need you." Victoria said.

"That's what many think." Winchester chuckled. "I'm just an old man waiting to die now. My granddaughter is almost grown up, I've seen my second 'son' in action, my mission in life is complete, I will stand beside Grievous and 'Takimee as they lead our heroes to victory." The doctor said nobly.

"What do you mean by second son?" Victoria asked.

"The Master Chief." Grievous answered.

"Yes, you see, since he's been in my custody at the age of five, I've felt a special bond between us, the moment he smiled at me for the first timeâ€¦" He sighed as he turned off the coffee machine and poured some of the dark liquid in Styrofoam cups. "I did not want to do to him what I knew I had to." He picked up one of the cups and reached out to Victoria, who took the cup, with a nod of appreciation.

"You make it sound as if we've already lost." Victoria said softly, stirring her coffee around with the butt of a pen.

"Do you really think we can win Doctor?" Grievous asked, looking up at her. Victoria was about to say yes, but thought for a moment. The odds were great, the Abaters had wiped out nearly two-thirds of the human race, and their fate was in the hands of less than a hundred young men and women.

"Iâ€¦I don't know." She replied softly. "Wellâ€¦actually there are more Evas and Spartans." She forced a weak laugh of happiness, before that died down. There was along silence in the room, until Grievous stood up.

"I hate to break up this ratherâ€¦depressing moment, but I think I will meet the others." He said.

"Have you met any yet?" Winchester asked, lighting up greatly. Grievous wrapped his cloak around him to conceal his figure once more.

"Yes, at about three this morning, I had a rather pleasant walk with the Master Chief." He said as he started for the door.

"What time is it, 6:54 is it?" The doctor asked as he looked at his wristwatch. "You'll probably find the Chief in the mess hall; the others will join him shortly." The general bowed to both doctors as he opened the door.

"Pleasure meeting you Dr. Myer, good day my old friend Winchester." And with that, he closed the door and walked away.

16. Silent Before the Storm

****Yes, I've decided just to have a blowout and put the last three chapters in. I'll admit, they're a bit long though...****

****Chapter 16****

Mess hall

"Good morning Sven." Michel said pleasantly as he walked into the mess hall, to find the Master Chief, with his helmet off, eating some scrambled eggs and toast. Almost everyone else was still in the showers, though several Helljumpers and Marines were up eating breakfast as well. He looked up at the platinum-haired boy.

"Oh, good morning Michel, sleep well?" He asked. Michel did not get anything at the breakfast stand, instead, he just sat opposite of Sven. The Master Chief was about to ask if he was eating, then decided not to.

"Never better, and you?" He replied. Sven waited until Michel sat down opposite of the seat in front of him to speak.

"Kind of, I woke up at three this morning and went for a walk, I went to Susan's cabin to check up on her and she had a nightmare about us and Tartarus, so I had to calm her down, then she went back to sleep." He said. He didn't quite realize how much he was talking to Michel, opposed to just saying yes, no, or just short sentences. It was a mix of trust in Michel, and a feeling inside him that made him feel great, which of course was caused by Susan.

"Tartarus?" Michel asked. His red eyes darted to Sven with questions that were not spoken, though they were apparent in his eyes.

"Yeah, the Brute, remember?" Sven replied, taking a bite out of his toast.

"Butâ€|did we ever mention Tartarus to her before?" Michel asked.

"Yes, I know, I am just as confused as you are about it, but I guess we must have told her, or I did." Sven said. Michel thought deeply for awhile, taking occasional bites from his breakfast and drinking from the glass of water he had.

* * *

>"So I don't get it why you and the stupid Spartans got to go on that stupid secret mission yesterday." Alexis spat at Ray, who walked quietly and mysteriously beside her. Her sapphire-blue eyes glared at Ray, who stared straight ahead still, then a scowl formed along her mouth. Holding in her anger, she took in several deep breaths, counted to ten, and looked back to Ray. "Hey, if we're going to be friends, you can at least talk." She said, much calmer this time.
<p>"I never agreed to be your friend." Ray whispered.<p>

"Well don't you want any friends Wonder Girl?" Alexis asked. Wonder Girl was the nickname she had for Ray ever since hearing from Johnson about her mission with the Spartans. Ray didn't reply however, she kept on staring ahead. "Hello? Earth to Wonder Girl, can you hear me? Hey." Alexis babbled on, trying to get Ray's attention. Still, the white-haired girl didn't respond. As they came to the Mess Hall doors, Ray looked over to the next hallway, spotting 'Takimee, 'Zukamee, and Grievous walking together.

"As you know General, we are honored to have one with your tactical genius with us here at the base, I'm sure you'll get to know the young Evas and Spartans rather quickly." 'Takimee said, then spotted Ray, Alexis had already walked into the Mess Hall to eat. "Why, here's one now, Ray, good morning." He said.

"Good morning Commander." She replied with a whisper before she looked at 'Zukamee, who stood with his arms behind his back as the three stopped before her. "Good morning" 'Zukamee." She felt her cheeks blush slightly when looking at the Elite, something that was also an odd feeling to her.

"Ray, this is General Grievous, Rykov had left this station sometime yesterday and Grievous has decided to take his position." 'Takimee introduced the general. Grievous nodded his respects to Ray, who returned the nod with a blink. "Very well, General, are you hungry?" 'Takimee asked. Grievous shook his head.

"No, I do not need food or water; I only wish to meet the others." The cyborg replied. 'Takimee nodded in acknowledgment and clacked his lower mandibles.

"Alright, right this way." The Elite said as he opened the door for the others. Ray walked in first, followed by 'Zukamee, Grievous, then 'Takimee himself. As it turned out, Alexis was already eating, Sven was finishing his meal up and Michel had finally gotten something to eat, he was, however, only taking small bites out of his.

"Master Chief." Grievous boomed as he approached the Spartan. Sven looked up, smiled and nodded.

"Good morning General." He replied.

"Please my friend, call me Grievous." The cyborg said as took a seat right beside the Master Chief. Alexis grumbled to herself, mad that she wasn't the center of attention, while Michel looked up, and smiled brightly.

"General Grievous, it's a pleasure to meet you again." He said. Grievous looked at him, studied him, then nodded.

"Ah, Senior Chief, glad to see you here as well." He said. The general looked at Alexis, who was stirring her cereal, pretending not to notice him or even care. The cyborg grinned under his helmet.

"Let the ass kissing commence..." He thought to himself, having heard of Alexis... and her mood. Grievous was never one to actually such a thing, he was a leader, a leader who in the midst of battle was filled with the thought of victory and victory only. As he stated

once to another, he merely compliments his allies so that they may serve under him more readily.

"Eva Unit 02 I assume." Grievous said. Alexis looked up.

"Yep, that's me, Alexis Langley Swans." She said, once again feeling full of herself.

"You're quite the icon in Germany." Grievous stated. Alexis, a bit surprised, looked at him.

"Really...? I mean, of course I am, I did live in Germany for most of my life, until I was transferred to New York when I was fifteen." She replied. Michel and Sven were rather surprised, since Alexis, who had only live in America for three years, spoke such fluent English, without much of an accent at all, while Grievous did speak English quite well, there was still a hint of a German accent in his voice.

"Yes, why, Eva Units 06 and 07 idolize you. They've met your parents and everything." Grievous went on. Alexis paused.

"I hate my parents." She muttered. The redhead looked back down at her cereal and stirred it again. Sven snapped his helmet on and got up to throw away his leftovers. He tossed it all away, tray and all, before turning and around and heading toward the exit. As he was just about to leave, 'Zukamee grabbed his shoulder.

"Master Chief, I've been meaning to speak with you." The Elite said. The Master Chief nodded and turned to him.

"Yes 'Zukamee, what is it?" He asked. 'Zukamee looked cautiously around the Mess Hall, from the Evas, Spartan, and Elite eating, to the Marines and scientists also present in the room.

"I think we should go somewhere else, it concerns the Eva Unit 04." He said mysteriously. Sven slowly nodded, not quite understanding.

"Um, 'Zukamee, you do know Evas aren't my business?" Sven asked. The Elite nodded as he grabbed Sven's shoulder again and led the Master Chief outside of the Mess Hall, turning to him once the doors shut again.

"Chief, I overheard 'Takimee saying something about an Eva Unit 04, something about a special weapon the child inside of it carries, and something about an entire base being wiped off the map." The Elite said breathlessly. "I looked for you last night, but I wasn't as nervous as I am now, I thought it was just a joke, but something about it just bugs me." The Elite said.

"Okay now calm down, I'm sure there's nothing to be afraid of, besides, if anything, this Eva could really help us in the war." Sven replied casually.

"I'm not sure Chief, no offense or anything, but I'm not sure we Elites can truly trust humans. I've heard of how humans can loose their minds and go mad, what if this child is crazy?" 'Zukamee asked.

"They're not even sure this child exists." Sven said. He placed his hand on 'Zukamee's shoulder. "Eat something 'Zukamee, you'll feel better." A moment of silence passed, then the Elite nodded.

"Yes, thank you my friend." Just then they heard laughter as well as chatting. The two turned to see Amy and Susan, little Caleb was holding Amy's hand as the two girls talked. Their hair still damp from cleaning up, it wasn't until 'Zukamee spoke that they noticed them.

"Good morning Your Majesty and Ms. Winchester." He said, while Sven merely nodded. Amy and Susan stopped, the princess smiled brightly at the Master Chief, who was growing red under his helmet.

* * *

>"Grievous, a word with you please." 'Takimee said, a tray of food in his hand. Grievous, who was engaged in conversation with Alexis, looked up, and nodded. <p>"I will see you around Children." He said to the others and stood up, walking with the Elite, who had set his tray down where Grievous was sitting before. The two stopped by the door, ironically just parallel to where the Master Chief and 'Zukamee stood, though only on the inside. "What is it?" Grievous asked.<p>

"It's concerning Evangelion Unit 04." 'Takimee began. Grievous brought up a robotic hand to scratch the chin of his mask, which also was where the frightening fangs lay.

"What about it?" The cyborg asked.

"We've heard a report about a Committee base being annihilated by a mentally unstable child wearing the armor." The Elite said. He caught his tongue, sighed, and closed his eyes before opening them to the Kaleesh again. "We don't even know if there was someone in there armor...it was like it had a mind of its own...as the only survivor put it."

"Yes, what has become of this insane child, or armor...or whatever?" Grievous asked.

"That is what I am worried about." 'Takimee began. "Unit 04 was a prototype, rumored to be the best Eva armor out there; only a Spartan could challenge one to hand-to-hand combat."

"We have two Spartans, what are you complaining about?" Grievous replied. "Compared to the Abaters this child shall be nothing but a mere nuisance, like a fly." He brought his hand up and formed it into a tight fist, as if he were crushing a fly in it.

"Yes, but still, being able to destroy a base like that, General, you can't help but worry a bit." The Elite spec ops Commander said. Grievous nodded.

"Yes, yes, of course. Go on now, eat your meal, I would like to warn the Master Chief of this." He stated, since the Chief was already his favorite out of the other children.

"That is if 'Zukamee hasn't already." 'Takimee replied before returning to his seat to eat. Grievous turned on his heel and opened

the doors, spotting the Master Chief and 'Zukamee immediately.

"Ah, Master Chief, I have something toâ€¦" The cyborg paused when he spotted Amy, who stared at him back. Sven looked away from Susan and at Grievous.

"Hello General, what is it?" He asked. Grievous, whose glare was locked onto Amy, who was glaring right back at him, her face flushed, brought his cat-like eyes away from her and onto the Chief's visor.

"Commander 'Takimee has just informed me on anâ€¦important ordeal facing us right now." He began. He glanced over at Amy and Caleb; Caleb stuck his tongue out at him. Growling, the cyborg tightened his hand into a fist again. "'Zukamee, you haven't perhaps informed the Master Chief on a certainâ€¦Evangelion Unit 04 have you?" He asked.

"Yes General, I've spoke to him about it already." The spec ops Elite replied as he took a step towards him, now standing between the cyborg and the Spartan. Meanwhile Amy took Caleb's hand again and walked past the three of them, sticking her nose up in the air when she passed Grievous, who pretended to ignore her.

"Well then, I have nothing else to speak with you about Master Chief, exceptâ€¦" 'Zukamee and Sven didn't notice as Susan walked up beside the Master Chief, the princess obviously amazed at the sight of the cyborg. Grievous stamped a clawed foot down on the tiled floor and looked over his shoulder to the mess hall door. "Those little brats!" He boomed. "How dare they treat me likeâ€¦likeâ€¦a buffoon or a-" Before his voice could grow louder and everyone in the other room could hear, the Master Chief, without thinking, stepped forward, patting the cyborg's shoulders with his hands.

"General, I think you need to calm down." Before he could finish, the lights went red an alarm sounded off.

"Alert! Alert! Abater attack! All military personnel prepare for battle! All civilian personnel must evacuate at the launching bay. Repeat." _As the warning repeated itself, Sven pulled his hands off of Grievous as he and the others looked at each other. Suddenly the mess hall doors burst open and Michel, Shinji, Alexis, Ray, and the others flooded out to get their gear prepped. Michel and 'Takimee stopped and ran to the Master Chief, 'Zukamee, Grievous, and Susan.

"Princess, you must go with Amy and Caleb to the launching bay, there you will find Dr. Winchester and Dr. Myer, they'll prep you for evac." 'Takimee spoke breathlessly.

"What is it this time?" Sven asked. 'Takimee stared the Chief down hard with his eyes, before he approached him, stopping mere inches away from his visor.

"They've found us Chief." He said grimly. "Now come on!" He boomed and took off sprinting down the hall. Michel rushed up beside Sven, nudging his arm with his.

"I'm ready when you are." He said. Sven noticed his humble smile somewhat, lacking in the energy and kindness it usually had.

"Come you three, today will be a great day for victory." Grievous said proudly as he walked down the hallway 'Takimee took.

"Is he fighting?" 'Zukamee asked. No one responded. The Master Chief turned to face Susan, her face filled with worry.

"Susan, we've got to go!" Amy shouted as he burst through the doors with Caleb in her arms. "Come on! Grandpa will be waiting." She stopped when she saw the conversation between the Master Chief and princess.

"Your dream won't come true." The Spartan said as the others around them watched.

"I hope not." She whispered back.

"Go on now, we'll catch up." Sven said. Susan, too confused and frightened to say anything, swallowed the nervous lump in her throat and nodded, before turning around and running with Amy down the hallway they came there with. The Master Chief turned around to face Michel and 'Zukamee.

"Come on, time it fight." He said.

17. Battle of Fair Oaks

Chapter 17

_Launching Bay _

"Alright ladies!" Johnson shouted out, an Assault Rifle in hand. "Those Abater sons-of-bitches have found us, and what are you gonna do?" He walked past the soldiers, standing side-by-side, all holding Assault Rifles, the Evas and Michel were in full armor now. The scientists and civilians could see the soldiers being given their speech as they were seated in Pelicans and ready to take off. 'Takimee and Grievous stood opposite of the soldiers, so they could stare every Helljumper, ODSI, Marine, Spartan, Eva, Grunt, Hunter, and Elite in the eyes to show them that they were there to fight until the end. "Well I'm gonna tell ya what you're gonna do." Johnson stopped and looked a Helljumper in the face, shouting. "You're gonna blast their alien asses into Hell until you can't blast 'em no more, and then you're gonna break their bones with your bare hands!" He stopped at the end of the line, before turning quickly to face the whole line. "AM I RIGHT MEN??!!!"

"SIR, YES SIR!" Shouted every soldier there, echoing throughout the massive launch bay and catching the attention of all the civilians boarding their ships.

"Mmm-hmm, damn right I am, now move it out, double time!" Johnson shouted as he walked up to Grievous and 'Takimee, muttering to the Elite with a grin. "They're all yours." 'Takimee nodded and clacked his mandibles as he stepped forward, hands behind his back and looking into the eyes of each soldier, not by walking up to them, merely by looking at them.

"Grunts, Hunters, Elites, we made a pact with the humans not so long

ago. We said with their leaders, we will fight with you until we cannot fight anymore, this, men, will not be the easiest mission any of you have ever come across, if you don't think quickly, and don't pull your head from the clouds, you will die." His words were powerful and gave each soldier inspiration. "You fight with bravery, you fight with honor, and together, we will win this fight!" And with his ending words, several soldiers raised their free fist up and hollered out in determination, only the Evas and Spartans didn't raise their fists and cry out.

"Now then." Grievous said as he stepped forward. "We presume they will be having heavy-duty weapons for this, Air Force Marines, take the Longswords and Shortswords, located in Launch Bay 2, Elite and Grunt troops will travel via Phantoms, and the others, the humans, will go in the remaining Pelicans, some in the Phantoms as well." And with that, the soldiers ran to their designated location, ready to go when ordered.

Holding his Assault Rifle in one hand by his side, the Master Chief watched the final civilian Pelican hover up and take off up into the morning sky, which was cloudy and dark.

"Now then, with the civilians leaving the Abaters will be right on top of them, let's move!" 'Takimee boomed as he, Johnson, Grievous, 'Zukamee, the Evas, and Michel took their seats in a Pelican, leaving Sven's seat open. "Wort, wort, wort!" The spec ops commander cried in his native tongue, probably toward the Elites present.

"Chief, ya coming?" Johnson asked. Without a reply, the Master Chief turned and ran up to the dropship, hopping up and taking his seat beside 'Zukamee at the end of the line of seats. Just before the pilot took off with the other ships flying up to face the Abater menace above, 'Takimee shouted.

"Wait for the Hunters!" The Pelican dropped back to the ground and the Spartan looked over to see none other than his bond brothers, Hettu and Kicilar, attached to the end of the ship. Now that they were ready, the Pelican hovered up, tilted up towards the opening hatch, and took off. Not a word was spoken as the dropship approached the battlefield, war torn Fair Oaks, the civilian dropships began to fade away in the distance and the sounds of plasma and weapon fire became louder, along with explosions, battle cries, and hollers of pain and shock. As the broken buildings came into view below them, the Master Chief leaned over a bit to get a better view of the cracked streets growing closer toward them, then finally, they landed, the Hunters dispatched and everyone took a moment to get ready mentally.

"Let's do it!" Johnson shouted as his boots landed on the streets, followed by the others. The Pelican began to hover back up into the sky, when a bright blue ball of plasma erupted from a massive Abater cannon atop of a building. The dropship exploded into a blue fiery inferno and pieces of metal and fireballs fell down on the streets, thankfully missing those who exited it.

"No turning back now." Shinji muttered as he switched the safety on his Assault Rifle off. Now they could see that the Abaters were winning, badly. Bodies of Marines, Helljumpers, Grunts and Elites lay in the streets, with few Abaters, Brutes, and Jackals dead. Kicilar's fuel rod cannon glowed green for a moment before a blob of green

plasma fired out and struck an Abater hover tank, destroying it, with a satisfactory explosion killing several other troops around it.

"Wort wort wort!!" 'Zukamee cried out, just like 'Takimee had, before he charged into the madness, firing from his plasma rifle. Suddenly something pink and needle-like fired from an Abate Snipe shot out and struck the Elite in the arm. Crying out, 'Zukamee dropped to a knee; however his fingers still wrapped around the trigger of his weapon.

"Howâ€¦how did it pierce my shields?" _He thought, waiting for death to claim him with another shot. However, the Evas, Elite, cyborg, Spartans, Hunters, and Marine ran past him. Johnson, 'Takimee, Ray, and the Master Chief stayed behind to aid the spec ops Elite, the Spartan helped 'Zukamee back to his feet by wrapped the Elite's arm around his shoulder.

"Where'd that round come from?" Sven asked. 'Zukamee looked up, spotting a familiar Abater in the second story window of a building; he pointed with his weapon up to him. Grievous, who had spotted the Abater as well, recognized him immediately and pounced onto the wall of the building, digging his clawed fingers and toes deep into the concrete and brick while crawling up the wall with speed. The Abater zoomed in, ready to fire another shot into 'Zukamee's skull, when the weapon was knocked from his clawed hands and onto the floor.

"Scarâ€¦we meet again." Grievous growled. Scar shook the dizziness from his vision and looked at the cyborg.

"Ah, General Grievous, I did not know you were still around. I thought you were killed with the rest of you kind." He gave a toothy smirk. Grievous laughed as he slowly pulled his cloak off and tossed it to the ground.

"You cannot get rid of me _that_ easily." He said and prepared to fight hand-to-hand.

* * *

>"Let me go." 'Zukamee muttered. <p>"What?" The Master Chief asked. Through the pain in his arm, the Elite pulled his arm away and back by his side.<p>

"It's just my arm, I won't die, I still have this one." He said and held up the plasma rifle in his right hand.

"You heard the man, let's roll!" Johnson cried out as he dashed into the fight, unloading a full clip into the gut of a Brute he spotted. The Master Chief nodded to the Elite, brought his weapon back up, and ran to stand beside the Senior Chief, who was waiting for his shields to charge back up after some nasty blasts. 'Zukamee turned to 'Takimee, noticing his mentor didn't have a gun.

"Where's your weapon sir?" He asked. 'Takimee grinned.

"Right here." And with a flick of his wrist, the tube in his hand burst into life as powerful plasma sword, with two blades at the end of each end facing forward, a perfect weapon for impaling the enemy

with. In the hands of a skilled warrior, the plasma sword definitely put an end to the term 'Never bring a knife to a gun fight'. As he walked past the Officer, 'Takimee paused, looked at the Elite and said. "Find some cover; don't fight anyone close up or hand-to-hand. Understood?" 'Zukamee clacked his mandibles and nodded.

"Yes sir!" And with that, he dashed up and stopped beside Michel and Sven, behind their rusted car for cover. He dropped to a knee, leaned over to the side of the car, spotting a Jackal whose shield was facing a Marine the opposite direction, and fired, burning through the alien's weak frame and killing it.

* * *

>'Takimee bellowed out a roar as he charged out into the battle and swung his plasma sword at a Brute, the others who saw it were amazed when they saw how easily the sword sliced through the Brute's thick hide, cutting through it like a hot knife through butter. <p>"What are we going to do about that cannon?" Sven asked Michel. The Senior Chief looked up at the cannon as it fired and destroyed another Pelican trying to escape. He spotted two wide figures soar through the sky silently, and he smiled wider. Turning back to the Master Chief, he replied.<p>

"It looks under control." He and the Master Chief looked up at the cannon again, scanning for its next victim, oblivious to the two Longsword fighters approaching it. Longswords were wide and thin for the best speeds, difficult to match by other military fighters and ships, and able to pack a powerful punch too. As the two Longswords swooped down, the two Spartans could just manage to spot an object from the bottom of each fighter. The objects fell down, landed perfectly onto the cannon, and exploded. The cannon was lit up in an eruption of blue plasma and red fire. The Longswords pulled up with a thundering whoosh as they returned to the heavens to fight the Abater ships there.

* * *

>Being a few buildings over from the cannon and the explosion, Grievous and Scar were tossed into the wall from the aftershock, knocking the wind clean out of both of them. Grievous fell to his knees and began to cough madly, his lung causing him tormenting pain impossible to stop. Scar got to his feet, grinning, as he hovered over the cyborg. <p>"It seems even age can stop a droid dead in its tracks." He growled. Grievous's eyes flashed.<p>

"Droid?! I am no droid!" He boomed as he jumped to his feet and threw a fist towards Scar's snout. Unfortunately, the Abater caught it without so much as a grunt. Grievous growled again and tossed his other fist, only to have that one caught as well.

"Seeing your stature Grievous, it's easy to tell you're designed for speed, not strength, which surprises me when you thought you could hit me with a punch, where I specialize in strength. I always thought you were one to surprise me." Scar made tscking sounds. "You disappoint me." He said. Grievous's eyes narrowed and he began to chuckle.

"Well thenâ€¦do I disappoint now?" He asked. Scar's eyes narrowed, but quickly widened when the cyborg's arms split in half, revealing

that he had four arms instead of two. Unable to block the next set of arms, Scar was helpless when Grievous wrapped his new set of hands around the Abater's throat and choked him, sticking the thumb of his three-fingered second set of arms deep into Scar's throat, getting the coughs and gags the Kaleesh general had been shooting for.

"Yesâ€¦this is for what you did to my kind." He growled as Scar began to fall limp and lose consciousness. "_This_ is for my family." He snarled as he was able to pick the Abater up off his feet, thanks to strength from both pairs of hands. "And _this_ is for everything else you hurt!" He boomed as he finally managed to snap Scar's neck. With all life signs gone from the Abater, Grievous dropped him carelessly onto the floor, where he landed with a thump.

Picking up his cloak and wrapping it around him once more, the Kaleesh cyborg put a clawed foot up on the window sill, just about to leap out and back into the battle, when he glared down on Scar's dead body one last time.

"Your kind disgust me." He thought and jumped out of the window, landing perfectly and ready to fight once more.

* * *

>Amy sat beside Victoria on one of the civilian Pelicans, Caleb was sitting on his mother's lap, held tightly, and thankfully for him, had no idea what was going on, or the terror everyone else was going through. Dr. Winchester sat with his legs crossed, staring at the dead land below them. He looked across from him to his granddaughter, he smiled to her, then he noticed something. <p>"Amy, did the princess take another Pelican? I'm surprised she's not with you." He said. Amy looked up from her shoes to her grandfather, then she shrugged.<p>

"I didn't see her get into one, maybe she left later or something, she and I ran in togetherâ€¦but she just vanished." She replied.

"Yes, I'm surprised she didn't decide to ride with you Amy," Victoria said. "Unless sheâ€¦" Suddenly her eyes widened and terror gripped the three of them. "Doctor, youâ€¦you don't thinkâ€¦?"

"I pray to God I hope not." Dr. Winchester unbuckled his seatbelt and walked into the cockpit, where two pilots were operating the dropship.

"Change of course Doctor?" One of them asked.

"No, nothing like that." Winchester replied as he set his hand on the main pilot's shoulder and bent down by him. "C-could you by chance call any of the other ships and check in if Princess Susan is in any of them?" He asked.

"Sure thing Doc." The pilot said and activated the COM link in his helmet. "Come in Echo 532, Echo 756, and Echo 139, we're looking for Princess Susan; do any of you have Princess Susan aboard your ship? Copy." He asked. A moment of silence passed them; obviously the pilots were checking their passengers.

"She isn't here Echo 612. Over." One pilot reported.

"She isn't here either. Over." _Another said. Dr. Winchester crossed his fingers for the last one and bit his lower lip.

"_â€|No sir, has she gone missing? Over." _The last one asked.

"Yes Echo 756, Dr. Winchester cannot find her, maybe she slipped into one of the battle Pelicans, check one of them if you could. Over." The pilot said.

"Sorry sir, but we can't reach them, they're in too much heat, plus we don't want to risk any Abaters hearing in on our conversations. Over" _Echo 756 replied.

"Alright, thank you. Over." The pilot signed off and looked over at Winchester, whose face was blank.

"Doâ€|do you want us to go find her?" The pilot asked. Winchester sighed, knowing just exactly what Susan did, he was just about to say yes, when he looked back, at Amy, Victoria and her son, and the others.

"No, no, she's in the Chief's hands, she'll be safe." He said, not knowing if she was or not, and he returned to his seat.

* * *

>Another Pelican touched down and joined the fight, with the Abater Cannon out; it was a lot safer on the battlefield, but that didn't mean the Abater forces didn't fight as hard as they could still. Helljumpers poured out of the hatch, all wearing the same brown armor and helmets, when a clumsy Helljumper almost fell when he jumped down, holding his Assault Rifle in a nonprofessional manner. When he looked up, and the Pelican left them, he realized what he had done. It couldn't be seen until he looked up that he wasn't a man at all, she was Susan! The princess was quite obviously the smallest out of the group she arrived with. She managed to take an extra set of armor from the weapons room and pulled her hair up inside of the helmet, so it didn't look obvious it was her, then she boarded one of the last Pelicans to leave.

Running past blue blasts of plasma darting past her and the rest of the group, Susan wasn't thinking of teamwork at all and ran from the group entirely, making herself a target to any enemy forces. Catching her breathe, the princess looked up and her eyes widened in terror when she saw a giant bug-like creature with massive humming wings dashing from the darkness of an abandoned building. The creature, a Drone as they were called in the Abater army, could fly about for only a certain amount of time, since Earth's gravity made them much heavier than their home world. Making a chatting sound and beating its wings, the Drone landed on its feet and approached the princess, who screamed out and fell backwards onto the ground.

Finally thinking, Susan picked up her Assault Rifle and fired. The Drone cried out as bullets tore it apart and green blood splattered everywhere. The princess sighed when the bug went limp and fell to the ground with a crunch of its exoskeleton. Suddenly she heard a low chuckle, something that frightened her and made her crawl backwards a bit, away from the laugh. From around the corner of a building, a Brute rode up on a Ghost. A Ghost was a type of hover bike the Abaters stole from the Covenant, much like the Banshees and Phantoms.

Now Susan realized, this was no ordinary Brute, this one made her heart skip a beat. Tartarus leaped from the Ghost and landed in front of her, chuckling.

"So, you have killed a Drone." His red eyes narrowed. "Aren't you lucky?" He glared down on Susan, his burning red eyes meeting her frightened blue ones, then brought both of his fists up, yelling a battle cry, before crashing them back down. Susan rolled over and missed Tartarus's attack, though shards of concrete and a cloud of dust flew up. "Come here you human!" Tartarus boomed as he snatched Susan by the ankle and dragged her toward him. Picking her up by her chest plate, the Brute brought her up face-to-face with him. "Now that you're in my grasp, I willâ€¦" He grinned. "You're a female." He chuckled. Suddenly they heard the sound of a fresh clip being loaded and looked toward the street, seeing the Master Chief with his Assault Rifle ready.

"Put him Tartarus." He growled.

"Or what?" Tartarus snapped and tossed Susan to the ground. He faced the Spartan. "Your puny guns can't hurt me."

"We'll see." The Master Chief growled, aiming the weapon at the Brute. Tartarus crossed his arms.

"Orâ€¦we could make this interestingâ€¦" He said slyly. Sven lowered his weapon.

"What are you up to?" He asked.

"How about hand-to-hand? That is, if you're up to it." Tartarus said with a grin. Knowing that he wanted to kill Tartarus with his bare hands since he struck him with his hammer weapon, the Master Chief couldn't resist and tossed his Assault Rifle away.

"Sven don't!" Susan cried as she got up to her knees. The Master Chief looked at her, realizing who it was.

"Susan?" He asked. Tartarus began to chuckle, slowly that chuckle grew up to an insane laugh. "Susan get away from him!!" Sven shouted. Before the princess could do so however, Tartarus pulled her helmet off, tossed it away, and grabbed Susan in his bulky, hairy arm, pinning her between his arm and his chest. She was helpless, unable to do anything but thrash her legs and jerk her head back and forth. He laughed again.

"How could I _not_ tell this was your humans' precious Princess of England?" He said with a grin.

"Put her down Tartarus!" The Master Chief ordered and grabbed his Assault Rifle again, but when he aimed it at the Brute, he lowered it. Tartarus had his free hand on Susan's head.

"Do you know how easily I could snap her neck?" He asked. "Like a twig." He chuckled sinisterly. "Nowâ€¦put the gun down."

* * *

>Ramming the butt of his Assault Rifle into the jaw of an Abater, Shinji waited for the beast to fall to the ground before he placed a

purple-booted foot on it and fired into it until it no longer moved. The Abater forces were dying down drastically. <p>"Shinji look out!" Alexis shouted as she grabbed Eva-01 and dived to the ground. A Brute had tried to sneak up behind the Eva with a Brute Shot, a weapon that shot grenades out, but when the blade on its bottom was used as a melee weapon, a deadly one at that. The street pole Shinji was standing beside earlier was caught in the blade's path and the two Evas witnessed as the metal was sliced and slid off from its resting place, crashing through buildings and landing with a boom.<p>

"Die humans, die!!" The Brute boomed manically as he brought the blade up once more.

"Halt menace!" 'Takimee boomed. The Brute turned and blocked a swipe of the Elite's plasma sword. Both stumbling back, 'Takimee's eyes widened.

"How could your blade resist my sword?" He asked. The Brute gave a toothy grin.

"Best metal the Abaters could find, able to withstand plasma at any temperature." The beast chuckled. In a colossal match, the two different blades clashed once more, sparks from the blade and burning pieces of plasma flew everywhere as the Brute and Elite continued to fight.

* * *

>"Sven, where areâ€|" Michel began as he rushed up to the building, and he froze when he saw his friend, and the princess, caught in Tartarus's grip. "Tartarus." The Senior Chief said and rushed to his friend's side, raising his weapon at the Brute. <p>"Put it down." Sven muttered.<p>

"What? But we cannot fight him with our hands. We have toâ€|"

"Do it." The Master Chief ordered.

"â€|Alright." Michel replied and dropped his weapon.

"Now then, you have done your part." Tartarus set Susan back down on her feet. "Only proving even more what fools you are!" He boomed and with his massive backhand, struck Susan and sent her reeling into a wall, crashing into it with a boom that shook dust off the walls.

"SUSAN!!!" Sven cried out as he rushed to the princess and dropped to his knees beside her. Susan tried desperately to catch the wind that was pushed out of her. Gently Sven cradled her head in his arms, since he figured she'd do the same for him. Michel picked his Assault Rifle up again and fired blindly at Tartarus, who stumbled back from the fire. He laughed.

"Men, retreat." He said into a COM link of some sort, before he picked up a large rock, and with all of the strength he could muster (Which was a lot!) he chucked it at Michel, knocking the Spartan's shields out and distracting him long enough for the Brute chieftain to escape on his Ghost once more, fleeing back to his Phantom.

* * *

>The Abaters stopped firing at Johnson and his men, at Grievous, Ray and 'Zukamee, and fled back to their Phantoms and Banshees. Men cheered at the victory. <p>"That's right you motha fuckers, run!" Johnson barked. Meanwhile, 'Takimee and the Brute's battle waged on. Not listening at all to his leader's words, one couldn't help but admire both fighters as they did not look away from any other distraction; instead they locked eyes, and fought blade to blade. The Brute brought his Brute Shot up, and tried to destroy 'Takimee by mere force of the blade. However, the Elite blocked the attack, and pushed it away, causing the Brute to have his downfall, stumbling back. In one more twirling move, 'Takimee sliced the Brute in half, ending the epic fight.<p>

"Thank you Commander." Shinji said as he and Alexis stood up.

"I think they're falling back." 'Takimee said, watching a Phantom dart over them, followed by another. He smiled. "We won." He ran to speak with the others.

"You tell anyone I saved you Shinji and you're dead." Alexis growled as she slung her Assault Rifle over her shoulder and walked away, leaving a confused Shinji. The young Japanese man grinned under his helmet.

"Thank you." He said warmly. Alexis stopped, then slowly turned around, glaring with cruel eyes under her quad-eyes.

"What...was that?" She asked through gritted teeth. Shinji smiled wider under his helmet again.

"I said thank you." He repeated. Alexis's hand formed a fist.

"You are so dead..." She mumbled loud enough for Eva-01 to hear. Just before she was going to pounce, she felt someone's presence. She looked over her shoulder to spot Eva-00, looking at them with her helmet's one eye. Alexis looked back to Shinji. "You're _so_ lucky." The redhead growled before she and Shinji joined Ray with the others.

* * *

>His helmet off and laying on the ground beside them, Sven sobbed over Susan, who was still alive, but barely. Michel appeared over them, and snapped his helmet off as well, putting it at his side. Susan looked up, expecting a comforting smile from Michel, but instead, she was given a solemn frown, it was obvious Michel was hurt by this just like Sven was. Smiling weakly, she brought a soft hand up and stroked the Master Chief's cheek, who looked up with watery-eyes. <p>"Don't be sadâ€¦" She whispered. Sniffling, Sven looked down in shame, one more tear running down his cheek.<p>

"But it was my fault you're hurt." He replied. Susan leaned forward and gently kissed him on the forehead.

"It wasn't yourâ€¦faultâ€¦" Her voice slowly became softer and softer, and Sven could suddenly feel that her grip on him was lessening. He looked at her, her eyes slowly closing.

"Susan please, don't die." He pleaded. Susan smiled faintly, she was

about to say something, but she was too weak, and her eyes closed. "Susan? Susan?" The Master Chief asked. "Susan?" But still, no answer, she was gone. Suddenly Sven felt alone again, like no one was ever going to be with him again. With one hand, he put his helmet back on and picked the princess up, holding her in both arms, and he approached the incoming Pelican dropship, Michel walking right beside him.

"Brother Sven, we have done it, we've!" Kicilar said joyfully as he and Hettu ran up to the Master Chief. However, their joy came to an abrupt halt when they saw the princess, motionless in their brother's arms and the Spartan not paying any attention to anything but the path he was walking. Several more Pelicans and Phantoms dropped in and the remaining soldiers rushed to them. The Evacs had their helmets off and were speaking with Johnson, 'Takimee, 'Zukamee and Grievous when Shinji looked forward and saw a golden haired beauty in the Master Chief's arms.

"Hey, who's that?" The young man asked. Suddenly his eyes widened, knowing who it was now, along with 'Takimee's, the others didn't know who it was yet.

"No!" 'Takimee muttered and rushed to the Master Chief. "Sven, what happened?" He asked. Sven jumped up into the Pelican, Susan still in his arms, and he turned around.

"Tartarus." He muttered and sat down, staring with his blank visor at Susan.

"That damn Brute will pay." 'Takimee growled as he stamped a booted foot on the ground. Michel hopped into the Pelican next and took a seat beside the Master Chief, pained to see his friend in such sadness. 'Takimee climbed in next, sitting opposite of the Master Chief in the back of the hatch. When everyone else came to the hatch of the Pelican, they froze when they saw the princess in Sven's arms.

"Is that Susan?" Alexis asked. Silently they all climbed aboard, and when the last one, Grievous, got in, 'Takimee pounded on the door to the cockpit, a sign to the pilots to take off. They had won yes, but at a dire cost.

18. Epilogue

****Epilogue****

_February 15, 2028 _

_Michel's Journal _

_Hello, if you are reading this, you must be interested in my life then. My name is Michel Kreigler, I'm a Spartan, and I've been awake now for over a week. My life is not ordinary as one might put it. I try to be very happy, because when I'm happy, those around me are happy, and I like people when they're happy. My best friend, Sven McGregor, is also a Spartan, however, he isn't very happy anymore, he lost someone he loved dearly, Princess Susan from England, it's been three days since we lost her, and I haven't seen his actual face since then, I try to be nice to him, I know he appreciates it, but he

is depressed, in fact, he just left this morning to be General Grievous's personal guard up in the Space Command. _

_The base we used to be at was deserted now, after the Abaters found us there, the scientists have gathered everything important like weapons research and other things, and we left. The news of Susan's passing has been sent to the King and Queen of England. Europe, as well as the rest of the world, are mourning for her death. Tartarus killed Susan, he is a Brute, who is a member of the Abaters. Abaters are the ones who are trying to kill us all; they're T-Rex-like, with many monsters they use against us, like Gravediggers, Slicer 'n Dicers, Orbs, and Diamondheads, and plus the Brutes, Jackals, and Drones are on their side too. Grunts, Hunters, and Elite are on our side, they're really good at fighting too. _

_Ever since we won that battle three days ago, they're splitting us up, we haven't seen Dr. Winchester, Victoria, Frederick, or Amy since then, Shinji is going back to Japan to the Committee base where his father commands, Alexis is going back to Germany to work with Eva Units 06 and 07. 'Zukamee's arm wound has healed nicely, I'm happy for him, he's a nice Elite. 'Takimee, 'Zukamee, and Ray are in a spec ops team, searching for this Eva Unit 04, who's said to be very dangerous after he destroyed a Committee Base. I don't know where I'm going; I think I'm going back under Rykov's custody, which is nice. I can't remember my own parents, so he's kind of my father in a way. Johnson and his Helljumpers and ODST's are still cleaning up the Fair Oaks area around the base, collecting anything useful and fighting an Abater survivor or two. _

_That's all for now, I'll write more later, goodbye. _

_Michel _

To be continuedâ€¦|

End
file.